HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE SELF-CONVICTED KNIGHT.

Yesterday

He prayed on his knees for the return of his letters, for the sake of his wife and six children, and declared that if the committee should get hold of this communication it would sink him immediately and ruin him forever.

To-Day

He says there is not a word in those letters which is not entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor, and hopes that every Republican paper in the United States will publish the letters in full.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 18, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"Harper's Young People, with its pleasing contents, produces smiling faces each week in every household where it is read."—*The Home Journal, Lafayette, Indiana.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published October 14, contains a pleasing variety of entertaining stories, viz.,

"THE WORK OF THE BLACK FROST,"

by Agnes Carr Sage; *"A Story of Two Cats," by* David Ker; *"Max Rander in the Black Forest," by* Matthew White, Jun.; *and Chapter VIII. of the serial story "Wakulla," by* Kirk Munroe. *The illustrations include a number of beautiful engravings, among which special attention may be called to*

"HIS ONLY FRIEND,"

a full-page picture, accompanied by a poem from the pen of Margaret E. Sangster; *"Autumn Leaves;" "Watching the Babies Play;" and "Viola," a reproduction from an oil-painting, by* E. M. Gordon.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

☞ *A* Supplement *containing the* Blaine *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* Harper's Weekly *for September* 27.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE quiet dignity of Governor Cleveland during this bitter personal campaign has greatly impressed the country. Not a week passes that some fresh and disastrous illustration of the crooked and questionable conduct of Mr. Blaine during his official career is not made public. But against the perfect honor of Mr. Cleveland's official action not one serious blow has been even aimed. The more closely his career is scanned, the more plainly it appears that the guiding principle of his conduct has been the great truth that public office is a public trust. The Mayor of Buffalo and the Governor of New York are not found to be involved in vast speculative schemes whose value depends largely upon action which he can control. He is not the broker of such enterprises. He is not found entreating to be let in upon the ground-floor, nor promising not to be a dead-head, nor proposing schemes in which his influence may be serviceable, nor, when hopelessly entangled in a net of his own letters, begging a friend to save him by asserting what the same friend has told him is not true, nor, lest he should lose votes, declaring that he never owned property which undeniable documents prove that he did own.

We do not believe that any honorable man who supports Mr. Blaine would be willing to say that he would himself use the power of official position as Mr. Blaine's letters show that he used his. But we have no doubt that every such man would agree that Governor Cleveland's official conduct has shown every quality which is desirable in official action—absolute honesty, careful deliberation, inflexible courage and independence, and sole regard to the public interest. They might regret that he is a Democrat, they might differ with his judgment, but it is very long since there has been so conspicuous a public man in high executive station of whom all honest men of all parties would so unanimously declare that he is more patriot than partisan, and that his integrity is spotless. Those among his opponents who know him best earnestly declare that their opposition is political only. They do not question or doubt the unselfishness and purity of his discharge of public duty. Indeed, their support of Mr. Blaine is perfunctory and partisan. They support him merely because he is the candidate of the party. But the more warmly they praise the great achievements of the Republican party, the more deeply they brand the Republican candidate as unworthy. Never would the Republican party have accomplished its immortal work had it been willing to select as its chief representative a man self-convicted of flagrant abuse of his official position. The great Republican leaders, Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, Fessenden, Chase, were men distinguished for precisely the lofty official integrity which is the distinction of Cleveland; and Charles Francis Adams, in his eulogy of Mr. Seward before the Legislature of New York, regrets that the debased standard of public conduct requires him to mention as one of the praises of Mr. Seward that he was an honest public officer.

So rapidly has the standard declined since Mr. Adams delivered his eulogy that the controlling question of this Presidential election is not that of party policy, but of official integrity. A candidate whose abuse of official position for private gain is established by his own letters, and the orators who support his candidacy, try desperately to raise the issue of protection to American labor as the main question of the campaign. But it is a futile effort. It is not protection of American labor, but protection of the national honor, which is the true issue at this election. Shall we have a President who has made public office a private gain, or one who has faithfully held it to be a public trust? Tariffs and all other questions must await the decision of this momentous question. Protection is not an issue which divides the parties, and to raise the cry is merely an effort to confuse the country and to conceal the real question. Does any honest friend of a high tariff hold that in order to sustain protection the condition of the country requires him to vote for a trader in official influence? Would he say that to favor protection he would vote for Dorsey or Brady? To say that protection and the Republican party can be saved only by voting for dishonest candidates is to confess the failure of the government and the decadence of the people. It is an appeal unworthy of Americans. In the present situation we believe that the result of the election will show that the country holds it to be of the highest importance to secure in the national administration, not the kind of official morality which Mr. Blaine's career illustrates, but the principle that public office is a public trust, and the unbending honesty, intelligence, executive vigor, courage, and independence which are identified with the name of Grover Cleveland.

THE HOCKING VALLEY AFFAIR.

The Hocking Valley affair is another glimpse of Mr. Blaine's extraordinary and unnecessary duplicity. In July there was serious trouble among the miners in that region, and it was said that Mr. Blaine was interested in some of the mines. It was supposed that if the miners believed this report, they would certainly not vote for Mr. Blaine. On the 22d of July, therefore, he wrote a letter in which he said, "I am not and never have been the owner of any coal lands or iron lands, or lands of any character whatever," in the valley; "nor have I at any time owned a share of stock in any coal, iron, or land company in the State of Ohio." This denial was as absolute and complete as his assertion in 1876 that he had acquired bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company only by purchase in the usual way and in open market. It was evidently intended to convince the country that he had never had any kind of transaction or interest in land or land companies in Ohio.

But the documents are now published which prove that in 1880 Mr. Blaine paid $25,000 for a share in an association formed for the purchase of lands in the Hocking Valley. Here, for instance, is a receipt:

> "Boston, *December* 17, 1880.
>
> "Received from James G. Blaine $25,187 50, being payment in full for one share in the association formed for the purchase of lands known as the Hope Furnace tract, situated in Vinton and Athen counties, Ohio. This receipt to be exchanged for a certificate when prepared. J. N. Denison, Agent."

Mr. W. D. Lee, a friend of Mr. Blaine's, in attempting to explain, admits that he asked Mr. Blaine to subscribe, that Mr. Blaine did subscribe, and that he held the share for two years. But Mr. Lee adds that Mr. Blaine took it upon condition that at the end of the two years during which he was to hold it he might, if he chose, regard it as a loan to be repaid with six per cent. interest. It is thus evident that for two years Mr. Blaine did hold a share in a land company in the State of Ohio, while he declares in the most unreserved manner that he has never owned such a share. Further, if the statement of his friend be correct, he held it with the right of withdrawal without loss, and for the purpose of inducing other persons to invest to whom such withdrawal was not guaranteed. Moreover, it appears that he took an active interest in the enterprise, going out to Ohio, with other gentlemen interested, to effect an exchange of stock with a railroad company. Yet in the face of all the documents, which are sworn to and not questioned, Mr. Blaine now says:

> "I do not own and never did own an acre of coal land or any other kind of land in the Hocking Valley, or in any other part of Ohio. My letter to Hon. Hezekiah Bundy in July last on this same subject was accurately true."

This is the counterpart of his assertion that there is nothing in the Mulligan letters which is "inconsistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor."

There is no reason that Mr. Blaine should not hold or have held lands in Ohio. But there is every reason that if he did hold such lands he should not deny the fact, and there is also every reason that he should not have permitted the use of his name as a decoy, which is the interpretation given to the transaction by Mr. Lee. It is not surprising that his supporters have given up explaining and defending his transactions and his assertions. But why should they wish to make such a man President?

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

Dr. W. E. Forrest is the second elector upon the Republican ticket in New York who has resigned. He writes as follows to the chairman of the State Committee:

> "I wish to tender my resignation as Republican elector for this State. I am sorry to say that I can not conscientiously support the present nominee for President, James G. Blaine."

In an interview Dr. Forrest declined to say whether or not strenuous efforts had been made to induce him to withdraw his letter, and he repeated that upon long and careful consideration he had been forced to the conclusion that he could not honestly vote for Mr. Blaine.

The situation is unprecedented. Never before has any Republican known so many stanch Republicans among his friends and acquaintances who can not support the ticket. Mr. John M. Forbes, one of the most eminent and honored citizens of Massachusetts, the late member for Massachusetts of the National Republican Committee, and one of the most efficient and liberal Republicans in the State or the country, was the first Vice-President of the late great Independent Republican meeting in Boston, and said in his letter regretting that he could not attend, that it "has cost a more severe wrench in politically separating from old friends and companions than you young men can easily conceive of." Such a separation and such an expression by such a man are infinitely more significant than the noisy adhesion and support of official party leaders and of mere party organs.

Young men hitherto unknown, but whose courage and conscience are the forecast of future distinction, may easily be dismissed by the Blaine organs as dudes and Pharisees, as the rebel press described their brothers a quarter of a century ago as Lincoln's hirelings. But the influence of men like Mr. Forbes is not to be extinguished by flippant sneers, and young men who have been bred in the lofty Republican patriotism and independence which he represents are not to be frightened by hard names nor seduced by party promises. The men who are the life of the Independent Republican protest are perfectly capable of enduring defeat, if need be, and rising from it with unshaken fidelity to their principles. And that is one of the chief reasons why the election of Mr. Blaine would be so disastrous to the Republican party.

OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

There is a country called Italy, of which one of its citizens, Mr. F. Nobile Vitelleschi, says in a recent article: "I remember when one of our most able and distinguished ministers [of the King] thought it necessary to sell out the few shares which formed part of his very moderate fortune before he felt entitled to propose a measure which might indirectly affect the company in question."

There is a country called the United States of America, in which a public officer pleaded his official action as a reason for being let in upon the ground-floor of the company's operations, and who served it as a broker, receiving its bonds as a commission. And this public officer aspires to be the Chief Magistrate of that country.

Yet there was a time in that country when one of its "most able and distinguished" public servants made this entry in his diary:

> "I called upon Nicholas Biddle at the United States Bank, and received two dividends of my bank stock by an order upon the branch bank of Washington. I left with Mr. Biddle my certificate of stock to be sold, and the proceeds to be remitted according to such directions as I may give. I told him that, as I might be called to take a part in public measures concerning the bank, and was favorable to it, I wished to divest myself of all personal interest in it."

This was what is called old-fashioned honesty, and this was the man whom the people of the United States had chosen President. They are soon to decide whether they require the same kind of honesty in their President, and intelligent and honorable Italians like Mr. Vitelleschi will naturally watch the result with great interest.

OHIO.

The result of the State election in Ohio will be known when this paper is issued. Last year the Democrats elected the Governor, but the State has always voted for the Republican President, and its electoral vote has been always conceded to the Republican candidate. But notwithstanding this, if the State election of this year should be carried by a large Republican majority, it would greatly stimulate the expectations of Mr. Blaine's friends. It would, however, by no means determine the result in November. On the other hand, if the result should be close, or if the Democrats should hold their own, the election of Governor Cleveland would be generally felt to be

assured. It would show that the most lavish expenditure of money, and the most unscrupulous efforts to conceal the true issue of the campaign and to concentrate the attention of Ohio upon the question of protection, had failed.

The friends of Mr. BLAINE throughout the campaign have counted upon the State election in Ohio as their chief hope. Sure of Maine and Vermont for the Republican State ticket in September, they have argued that to follow the New England success with that of Ohio in October would have a prodigious effect upon the doubtful and reluctant voters, and force them to go with what would be declared to be the current. But it must be remembered that Maine, Vermont, and Ohio have been always expected to throw their electoral vote for Mr. BLAINE, and that New York is still the important State. Should the result in Ohio this month forecast a majority for Mr. BLAINE, it would only confirm a general expectation. But it would not relax, it would but stimulate, the efforts of his opponents. There are multitudes of Republicans who will not vote for Mr. BLAINE, but who for that very reason will desire especially to prove their party loyalty by voting for the State ticket.

The result in Maine and Vermont did not discourage any Republican opponent of Mr. BLAINE, because the issue upon which they stand was not raised at the State election. A similar result in Ohio will not discourage such opponents, and for the same reason.

MR. BLAINE AND MR. JOY.

A MORE lamentable spectacle was never seen than that of a candidate for the Presidency enveloped in a constantly strengthening coil of testimony fatal to his integrity. General ALGER, candidate for the Governorship of Michigan, recently sent the following telegram to Mr. J. F. JOY:

"DETROIT, *Sept.* 30, 1884.

"*Joy, care Brown, Shipley, & Co., London:*

"Did BLAINE offer to appoint committee to suit you if you took Little Rock Bonds off his hands? HENRY WARD BEECHER says you told him BLAINE did. ALGER."

Mr. JOY replied:

"LONDON, *Sept.* 30, 1884.

"*R. A. Alger, Detroit, Michigan:*

"BLAINE never made me any offer to appoint a committee to suit me in any manner or form, or for any consideration of any kind whatever. J. F. JOY."

Mr. BEECHER, regretting the necessity of making the statement, now writes that at a dinner at Mr. JOY'S on the 29th of September, 1877, at which he, Mr. BEECHER, was present,

"Mr. JOY spoke with contemptuous severity of Mr. BLAINE, and gave this statement:

"'When a difficulty occurred in regard to certain lands in the Southwest in which I was interested, a committee was about to be appointed by Congress to examine the matter, BLAINE being Speaker of the House. Through a friend I asked Mr. BLAINE to have one sound lawyer appointed on that committee, I did not care of which party. I simply wanted a sound lawyer. In a day or two Mr. BLAINE sent me word through a friend that he had certain depreciated bonds, and that if I would enable him to place them at par, I could have my committee as I wanted it.' I can not forget with what cutting scorn Mr. JOY leaned back in his chair and said, 'That is the man BLAINE is'; and he added, 'I refused the offer, and as the courts soon settled the matter, no committee was appointed.'"

Mr. BEECHER adds:

"What changed Mr. JOY'S notion, and led him to nominate Mr. BLAINE at the Chicago Convention in 1880, I do not know. It can probably be found out by inquiring of the editors of certain great daily newspapers, who hardly found language bitter enough for years to inveigh against Mr. BLAINE, and who now can not find language enough to pour contempt upon the men who do not approve of placing Mr. BLAINE in the Presidential chair.

"I shall not prolong this letter by relating Mr. BLAINE'S views of the matters in an interview with me which took place after my speech at Cooper Union, during the GARFIELD canvass, at his own request, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I can hardly believe that he has forgotten that."

This story has been long privately known, as Mr. BEECHER felt entirely at liberty to mention to his intimate friends the opinion of one public man about another, although expressed in his own house. But he has steadily refused to give it to the press, until now, in self-defense, he is forced to make it public. It is not a statement to be dismissed as a campaign lie or a Pharisaic slander. It is too much in harmony with other unquestionable and familiar facts in Mr. BLAINE'S career. They all lead straight to the question, Ought such a man to be elected President of the United States?

A BAFFLED PLOT.

IN the stress of the constantly recurring exposure of Mr. BLAINE'S abuse of official position and of his extraordinary statements in regard to his transactions, and in view of the utter impossibility of similar exposures of Governor CLEVELAND'S conduct, the friends of Mr. BLAINE are driven to the most desperate but futile expedients.

There have been rumors for some time of a new "scandal" which was in course of preparation to be sprung upon the public at a convenient moment. The fact of the plot, however, was laid bare, and the nature of the proposed slander, and the following card has now been published. It relates to a proposed calumny upon Governor CLEVELAND:

"*Editor Evening News:*

"I ask you to present this statement to the public in my behalf. The CLEVELAND-GUENTHER matter has been widely read and discussed, and the blame has all been put on me. I am willing to bear some of it, but not all that has been given me. The matter was all a joke at first. Afterward, while under the influence of liquor in Mr. WOLFORD'S saloon, I was led into a scheme which I would not have gone into otherwise. WOLFORD got the documents and kept them, and finally gave them up to the *News*. The dispatches sent to the *Sun* were written at his request; he paid for them. I do not defend any facts in the case, but ask that circumstances should be taken into account. I have been subjected to a suspicion of serious offenses in this matter of which I am innocent. I have held a good name for many years in Buffalo, and have dear friends and relatives who suffer now for my folly. I only ask that I shall not be blamed for more than is my due. The affair has injured no one so much as myself. Mr. CLEVELAND has not suffered by it, and I ask his friends not to be vindictive in their censure. SAMUEL H. WARREN, M.D."

The failure of this plan of falsehood, and the total inability of his enemies to point out a single suspicious circumstance or transaction in his official career, commend Governor CLEVELAND only the more closely to those who demand absolute official integrity in a Presidential candidate.

A WORD IN SEASON.

AT the late Independent and Republican meeting in Boston the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE made what he called a serious speech, but a speech full of suggestion and sound principle worthy of the old abolitionist and Republican, the friend of SUMNER and ANDREW. This extract is peculiarly timely:

"The great harm to morality does not come so much from the wrong action as from its being defended, palliated, and called right. This great injury to the public morals is now being done by Mr. BLAINE'S advocates. They are putting evil for good and good for evil, darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. No young man who has seen what an awful burden Governor CLEVELAND has had to carry in consequence of his one offense can possibly be tempted by his example to any like iniquity. But when a man who has devoted himself to making money out of office is defended for doing so by our best men, when asking to be paid for doing justice in a high judicial position is treated as a mere accident, when asking a man to perjure himself by writing a letter prepared for him full of falsehoods is considered as something not worth speaking of, then the morals of society are being cankered at their heart."

"BYSTANDER" UPON THE LETTERS.

GOLDWIN SMITH, whose comments upon current politics are those of a singularly competent observer, says, as "Bystander" in the last Toronto *Week*, in reference to the MULLIGAN letters:

"But this new series of letters throws decidedly a darker hue over his case. It not only substantiates the charges of corruption against him by showing that he did receive large gratuities in payment for the use of his political influence, but proves, or seems to prove, that he has publicly told what can only be designated as downright falsehoods in his attempts to conceal the offense. Worst of all, perhaps, is a draught of a letter denying the damaging facts, which he penned and solicited an associate to adopt and address to him as that associate's own, that he might use it in his public defense. This is not only falsehood, but subornation of falsehood, and of the worst kind. It is difficult to believe that in the breast of the man who could be guilty of it any regard for principle can reside, or that his election to the highest office in the State could fail to act as an announcement to all young men, and especially to all young politicians, that magnetism and success will cover dishonor. It is possible that there may yet be an explanation; but at present Mr. BLAINE'S chief organ, the New York *Tribune*, only meets the fatal disclosure with impudent bluster and rascally appeals to American prejudice against Great Britain."

"ANOTHER LIE NAILED."

BY mere chance in a late number of the Springfield *Republican* an address of the Massachusetts Blaine and Logan Club was printed in a parallel column with the address of the Pennsylvania Independent Republicans, who are generally protectionists. The following passages were almost side by side in the paper, and they show the characteristic tone and spirit of the BLAINE address.

The BLAINE club says:

"The Democratic party, encouraged by the defection of a few free-trade Republicans, falsely styling themselves 'independents' in order to cover their real motive as free-traders, has placed itself in the hands of its free-trade contingent, and demands the government of the country under the false cry of 'revenue reform.' Thus the tariff has become the absorbing issue of the campaign. It is enough to say that the election of the Democratic candidates, as the issue is now made up, would be hailed with delight by all European manufacturers who are anxious to control and cheapen our markets with goods produced by labor inadequately requited, as well as by a class of importers of foreign wares whose motives are purely selfish, and by a few free-trade theorists and doctrinaires among us, whose ignorance is only equalled by their assumption of superior intelligence and virtue. In this twenty-sixth Presidential election, as in several heretofore, the question of first importance is the tariff, and upon this issue we boldly challenge the judgment of the voters of this great industrial and manufacturing commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The Pennsylvania Independent Republicans say:

"With respect to the tariff, we in no way recognize that protection is at stake in the present canvass in the sense which the Republican managers would have us believe. The utterances of both parties in their respective platforms are so nearly identical that there can be found no definite contention between them. Besides, the power of the Executive to determine the revenue legislation of the country is too remote to render this a controlling factor in a Presidential canvass. The decision rests with Congress, and the intelligent voter can have no difficulty in separating his Congressional from his Electoral ticket, and in thus satisfying his convictions in both directions. Many of the members of this association are pronounced protectionists, whose interests are largely dependent, as they believe, on the continued prosperity of the manufactures fostered by the tariff, and they can recognize no danger to these interests from the success of the candidate of a party which in the last session of Congress only showed in its efforts at tariff revision its own hopeless division on the subject, and was forced at Chicago to adopt an expression of policy so nearly akin to that of its rival. We in Philadelphia, no longer ago than last February, had an example of the skill with which the tariff can be unfairly used by self-seeking politicians to frighten the people to their support, and we do not propose so soon again to be deceived in the same manner."

The address is signed by the president, Mr. HENRY C. LEA, one of the best-known, most intelligent, and most uncompromising protectionists in the country. These Pennsylvania gentlemen may be supposed to understand their own views and position quite as well as a BLAINE club in Massachusetts which dishonorably accuses them of opposing Mr. BLAINE under false pretenses. These extracts fitly illustrate the unscrupulousness of the BLAINE campaign.

PERSONAL.

THE following terse and strong letter was received by the president of the New York Stock Exchange Cleveland Club the day previous to the great CLEVELAND demonstration of the 9th inst.:

"DEAR SIR,—Although I retired from active business some five years ago, I have not yet sold my seat in the New York Stock Exchange. The substantial reward for having held the seat so many years I am about to reap to-day, inasmuch as it enables me—a life-long but disgusted Republican—to join your Cleveland and Hendricks Club. In the name of pure politics it is to be hoped that the good, sound, honest sense of the American nation will prevent so indelible a disgrace as the election of Mr. BLAINE from being fastened upon the country. DE WITT J. SELIGMAN."

—ISAAC HECKER, the founder of the Paulist Order, is now sixty years old. With his two brothers, GEORGE and JOHN, he began life as a baker in this city, and while kneading dough he studied algebra from a text-book which he had nailed up in front of the trough. The ever-recurring, ever-unanswered question of man's origin and destiny took hold of his mind, and would not let go. As St. Paul expressed it, he was possessed by the powers of the world to come. He gave up his business and withdrew to Brook Farm, where HAWTHORNE, GEORGE RIPLEY, and other choice spirits were seeking the rest they never found. Finally he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, at the age of twenty-three, and entered the priesthood. His life has since been one of gallant but modest sacrifice for the spiritual good of his fellow-men.

—Said ALEXANDRE DUMAS, a few days ago: "I have yielded to the temptation to write one more drama. Yet I do not need it. I do not lack money. It would, perhaps, be to my advantage if I should never write anything more, for I might then at least run a chance of passing for a master. I am, above all else, independent, always setting forth what I believe to be true, and never disowning anything that I have written."

—A beautiful altar of white statuary marble, fourteen feet high and ten feet long, with richly carved panels, and a Greek cross in the centre of each, has just been erected in the Church of the Madonna, at Fort Lee, Bergen County, New Jersey, by the sister of the late Dr. HENRY J. ANDERSON, of this city, in memory of her brother.

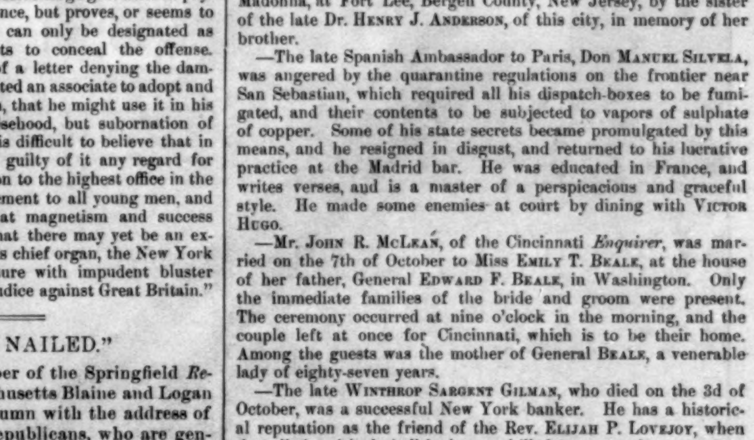
—The late Spanish Ambassador to Paris, Don MANUEL SILVELA, was angered by the quarantine regulations on the frontier near San Sebastian, which required all his dispatch-boxes to be fumigated, and their contents to be subjected to vapors of sulphate of copper. Some of his state secrets became promulgated by this means, and he resigned in disgust, and returned to his lucrative practice at the Madrid bar. He was educated in France, and writes verses, and is a master of a perspicacious and graceful style. He made some enemies at court by dining with VICTOR HUGO.

—Mr. JOHN R. MCLEAN, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was married on the 7th of October to Miss EMILY T. BEALE, at the house of her father, General EDWARD F. BEALE, in Washington. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony occurred at nine o'clock in the morning, and the couple left at once for Cincinnati, which is to be their home. Among the guests was the mother of General BEALE, a venerable lady of eighty-seven years.

—The late WINTHROP SARGENT GILMAN, who died on the 3d of October, was a successful New York banker. He has a historical reputation as the friend of the Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, when that distinguished abolitionist was killed by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, in Mr. GILMAN'S store.

—"Daniel Boone and the Genesis of Kentucky," was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society by the Rev. JOHN HEYWOOD, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts. BOONE died sixty-four years ago, after numberless adventures with the Indians, who captured him, and from whom he escaped, and rescued his daughter at the end of a long period of captivity. He was, perhaps, the most admirable type of the American frontiersman of the generation preceding the last, and his manly virtues demand well of the historian.

—The youngest son of the late actor FRANK S. CHANFRAU, a lad of fourteen, inherits to a remarkable degree his father's genius for comic verisimilitude. In his commodious house at Long Branch, surrounded by many acres of well-tilled soil, Mr. CHANFRAU used to hold dramatic receptions, and instruct a class of amateurs, but his ambition for his own boys was in other directions than that of the stage. He and his wife used to "star" a good deal together, until they found that they almost doubled their receipts by "starring" singly. Perhaps there never was a married couple more devoted to each other.


If you can get the letter written in season for the nine o'clock mail to New York, please be sure to mail it during the night so that it will start from mail Tuesday morning—but if possible I prefer you to get it in the nine o'clock mail Monday eve—
Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher
Sincerely J. G. B.
Burn this letter

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PART OF MR. BLAINE'S LETTER TO MR. FISHER.

THE GREAT CLEVELAND MEETING OF BUSINESS MEN IN WALL STREET.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 685.]

THE SHOOTING PONY—USEFUL HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

"HE SHOOK HANDS WITH THE LADS WITH THE GREATEST CORDIALITY."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 684.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONCE MORE AT RIDDLETON.

Gerald could not help smiling at his dual identity as he jumped into the trap that was to convey him to Riddleton Moor. He had during that hurried visit to York been his own self, now he had become Jim Forrest again. He was like a young soldier returning from a successful campaign. He had left Riddleton a raw recruit, at the very bottom of the turf ladder; he was returning decorated and known to fame. The stable-boy had blossomed into the coming jockey, who had held his own successfully with the best horsemen of the day. He was famous in his world, and knew that his old comrades would regard him with more respect as Jim Forrest, the artist who had picked the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood out of the fire, to say nothing of winning the Two Thousand and the Julys, than if he were of the best blood in Yorkshire and Master of the Buck-hounds to boot.

Years ago, I remember, when I was a small boy at a private school, there came to visit us one who had gone from our ranks and attained the dignity of the Upper School at Rugby. He was neither clever nor had he distinguished himself in any way, but we all looked upon him with infinite awe and respect, to which he responded by treating us all with the most supercilious contempt, interspersed with sundry cuffs of our heads and tweaks to our small noses. I think we regarded him with greater awe than ever then. We did not understand in our juvenile ignorance what a contemptible snob he really was. There was nothing of this sort about Gerald, and he shook hands with the lads midst whom his lot had been for a short time cast with the greatest cordiality. They were all proud of him in the stable. Jim Forrest had begun as a Riddleton lad, and it was open to any other Riddleton lad to attain equal eminence, and who can doubt there were several among them who deemed they were quite as fine horsemen as their fortunate comrade?

"Well, Jim, you've come on wonderful. I and the Dancer between us have made you. What's the machine say? You're careful about your grub, I hope, and keep the setting muzzle on mostly? Think of a career like yours being spoiled by mere greediness!"

"I tell you what, Joe," returned Forrest; "you're not so abstemious yourself, you know. You don't practice what you preach."

"Bless you, don't take pattern by me; take warning. I'm incurably given to vicious courses, I am," said Butters, shaking his head. "In my perverted nature I never could be got to like toast, stale bread, gruel, and lots of walking."

"And the end of it is, Joe, you've never been given a chance in a big race."

"It ain't all vice," returned Butters, dolefully; "it's partly constitutional. Fat's unevenly dispersed in this world, that's what it is. Have you seen Mr. Greyson yet?"

"No. I want to have a bit of a talk with him, and I thought I'd like to see you all, and as a matter of business brought me up this way, I came over."

"Well, we reckoned to see you on the Knavesmire, but not before. You'll of course be up for the races?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Ah! here comes Greyson."

Butters stared almost in awe at his audacious companion. The idea of any one at Riddleton speaking even of Mr. Greyson as Greyson was to him not to be "understanded."

The trainer shook hands heartily with his visitor.

"I'm glad to see you again, Forrest," he said. "You did us credit at Goodwood, though it was hard you should just beat your old stable. Will you have a look at the horses before we peck a bit?"

"I should like to take a look round first, thank you, Mr. Greyson. Old Phaeton wasn't beat by want of condition. It was a very tight fit. I got just a shade the best of Brunton at the beginning of our set-to, and managed to hold it to the end."

"Yes," replied the trainer, "he was well enough. Pibroch was a little better than I thought him, that was all."

"I fancy your estimate of his form was about right, Mr. Greyson, but the distance suited him a bit better than either Newmarket or Epsom."

"Perhaps so. But here's an old friend of yours, Forrest," and as he spoke, the trainer threw open the door of a loose-box, and the Dancing Master turned his neat, black-muzzled, gray head round to examine the intruders on his privacy.

"He looks well—uncommon well. May I strip him, Mr. Greyson?"

"Certainly. Here, Matthews, take his cloths off."

"No; I want to do that myself, as I have done scores of times when I was his boy. He was the making of me. I wonder what he'd have done in the Derby if you had allowed me to ride him?"

"Pretty much as he did do, I fancy," rejoined the trainer. "Mind what you're about, Forrest," he exclaimed, as the gray acknowledged his old jockey with one of those lightning one-legged kicks peculiar to thorough-bred horses. But Jim sprang on one side like a cat, and was at the horse's shoulder in an instant. "His temper I'm afraid will always go in a crowd. He'll never try in a big field."

"Well," replied Forrest, as he threw the rugs on the straw, "he'll be in rare fettle at Doncaster. Riddleton ought to take the Leger again this year."

"All depends upon whether that beggar thinks so," rejoined Greyson. "He'll go, bar accidents. Never mind about that," he continued. "Matthews will put his sheets on. Come and have some lunch."

As they walked down toward the house Forrest remarked:

"Is it a secret, or have you not settled who is to ride the Dancer in the Leger? I put some of my Goodwood earnings on him for luck at that meeting, and am very curious to know who's to have the mount."

The trainer eyed his questioner keenly for some seconds, and then said:

"You must rest satisfied with the assurance that he will run, and have a good man up. How the horse is, you have seen for yourself. I suppose you'll ride one of Sir Marmaduke's?"

"I should hardly think so," returned Forrest. "I don't fancy he'll run more than one, and Blackton will be all right again by that time."

Again the trainer looked sharply into Jim's face, and this time came to the conclusion that Forrest had no suspicion of the bargain concluded between Sir Marmaduke and himself at Goodwood. Greyson had not much intercourse with the Baronet as yet, but he did know that he enjoyed the reputation of being able on occasion to keep his own counsel, and if ever any one believed that much cackling was wont to result in addled eggs, it was Bill Greyson. Silence is golden, especially in turf tactics, and tattlers rarely effect big *coups*. It was evident Sir Marmaduke had as yet kept his intentions pretty well to himself, though the trainer saw by the papers that there was always money being quietly trickled on the Dancing Master for the Leger whenever a decent price was offered.

"Well, here we are," said the trainer, as he opened the little gate and led the way across the grass-plat to the snug gabled porch, in which many a pipe had been smoked and many an equine battle been fought over again by veterans who had borne their part in the veritable fray, the result of which was still matter of dispute as bitter as just before the post was passed. The "what might have been" is always a fruitful if profitless subject of discussion; and the "what should have won" racing men have always much to say about, to say nothing of that more extreme point of argument, to wit, what really did win. There are many turfites yet who witnessed the Derby of '69 who vow that Pero Gomez won; but as his owner curtly remarked at the time, "The only man whose opinion is of the slightest consequence—Judge Clark—says I didn't."

"The missus will be right glad to see you, Forrest. Like the rest of us, she regards you at all events as a Riddleton trained one that does us credit. Dollie's with her uncle in York;" and Greyson cast a quick glance at his guest to see whether he showed disappointment at the latter intelligence.

That Jim should listen quite unmoved was natural, considering that he was already quite aware of Miss Greyson's absence. To her mother this would have suggested an underhand correspondence; to the trainer it merely occurred that it was well he had nipped an idle and unsatisfactory flirtation in the bud, as Jim had apparently lost all thought of the object of his transient passion.

Mrs. Greyson welcomed Jim warmly, it might be almost said effusively, considering that the last time she had seen him her husband had with difficulty restrained her from sending Forrest away with what in homely language is denominated "a flea in his ear." Still, Jim Forrest the rising jockey was a very different person from Jim Forrest the stable-boy; although Mrs. Greyson, who, in her secret soul, was very proud of her daughter, much as she snubbed her, had very much higher views for her ultimate settlement in life. Mrs. Greyson was a vain woman, having, indeed, more than an ordinary share of that pardonable weakness of her sex, and she indulged in dreams at times of Dollie's marrying very much above her station. She aimed for her daughter, not at Jim Forrest, but the employers of Jim Forrest and his fellows. She was rather discontented with the gentlemen who trained at Riddleton, and—only her husband stood no nonsense nor interference with his business—would have been always carping at him, because he numbered, with the exception of Cuthbert Elliston, none of the aristocracy amongst his clients. Elliston was by birth undoubtedly nearly connected with that class, and as such stood very high in Mrs. Greyson's estimation. She would have been astounded to learn that Mr. Elliston's paramount influence in the stable had prevented many of the best men on the turf from sending their horses to Riddleton. Gentlemen who wished to run their horses honestly were afraid to send them to an establishment in which Cuddie Elliston pulled the strings. It was through him that Bill Greyson had acquired such a shady reputation; it was through Elliston's incessant scheming and tortuous turf tactics that Alister Rockingham and one or two more profitable employers had withdrawn from Riddleton. The trainer, though he had undoubtedly rather a tendency to crooked paths, was more sinned against than sinning; but he was to some extent in Pearson's hands, and so forced to do the bidding of the partners, and that was bad for his or any one else's reputation.

"You've become a successful man, Mr. Forrest," said Mrs. Greyson, as she extended her hand, and begged him to sit down to luncheon. "You have got a grand start, and we shall hear of you quite at the top of the tree before long."

Jim pricked up his ears at hearing himself addressed as "Mr." Forrest. It was a recognition of his success that came home to him. Mrs. Greyson was not wont to address the stable lads with any prefix of "Mr.," even if she managed to recollect their names, which was not always the case.

"And you've got Sir Marmaduke's riding, too; well, you are lucky. He's such a princely employer. I only wish we had got his training," and Mrs. Greyson shot a querulous look across at her husband, as if to say, "You might have had it if you had exerted yourself."

The trainer vouchsafed no reply, but could not help reflecting with a dry chuckle that he happened to have a colt in training for Sir Marmaduke at that moment.

"Thank you, Mrs. Greyson," replied Forrest. "Getting Sir Marmaduke's riding is, of course, a bit of real good luck; but I'm only the second string, after all."

"What does that matter? You'll get lots of other opportunities. They came to you before, and will again. We shall see you busy, no doubt, at York. That, as you know, is my great holiday in the year. William always takes a box for me there."

Now this was precisely what Forrest did not know. He had been to York races as a schoolboy, but it so happened not since he had known Dollie Greyson; however, at the moment he thought but little of the intelligence. He had further overlooked another thing, namely, that if he rode in his own part of the country his recognition was a certainty. He had, he thought, pursued his career quite unsuspected so far; but if he donned silk on the Knavesmire, the identity of Jim Forrest with Gerald Rockingham was inevitable. This had as yet not occurred to him.

"Yes, Mrs. Greyson," he replied, "I'm pretty safe to be there, and I particularly hope I shall have a good mount or two. I should like Dollie to see me ride a winner."

The trainer and his wife exchanged a rapid glance at hearing Jim use their daughter's Christian name so glibly.

"I hoped you had forgotten all that nonsense, Forrest. You have other things to think of just now; time enough to talk about that three or four years hence if you are still in the same mind."

"I have neither forgotten it, nor do I intend to change my mind," rejoined Jim, quietly.

"You won't see Dollie at York, I doubt," said Mrs. Greyson, with just a tinge of tartness in her tone. She did not intend in the least to quarrel with a rising jockey; but she at the same time did not intend he should marry her daughter. However, mothers are not always the arbiters of such things nowadays.

A little more desultory conversation, during which there was no further allusion to Dollie, and then Forrest announced he must be off.

The trainer ordered a trap out to take him to the station; and as they shook hands, Forrest said, "Well, I suppose we shall know at York who's to ride the Dancer?"

"Yes," replied Greyson; "most likely. What you all ride will, I dare say, be settled by that time. Good-by."

"Old Bill can keep his mouth shut as well as any one I know," muttered Jim, as the dog-cart whirled him down to the railway; "but I should have liked to know who'll have the mount on my old friend at Doncaster."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"YOU'LL BE WANTED AT DONCASTER."

Gerald's announcement of his intended marriage terribly disconcerted Mrs. Rockingham. She could not realize his marrying at all as yet, and comforted herself with the reflection that this was at worst a mere boyish flirtation, which could result in nothing, as such boyish flirtations usually did. But this was not the case with Ellen. In the first instance she had thought just as her mother did; but she had recognized with astonishment the rapid development of her brother's character, its increasing hardness and fixity of purpose. Whatever his calling might be, it was evident that he was pursuing it with energy, and doing well, according to his own account; and then, again, she wondered what this mysterious avocation might be. Another thing, too: Miss Rockingham had seen Dollie Greyson, and she was aware that her mother had no conception of what the girl was like. Mrs. Rockingham would see something very different from what she at present pictured, Ellen knew, whenever she came to meet Miss Greyson.

So the two women sat in the quiet York lodgings which they had at last learned must represent their home for the future, and bewailed Gerald's willfulness and folly in this matter, but with this difference, that whereas the mother still had no real belief in his being in earnest, the daughter knew better, and felt that in two or three years it would be only Dollie herself who would prevent that marriage. It was a severe blow to Ellen, for, in spite of her strong religious proclivities, there was a large amount of "the pride that apes humility" in Miss Rockingham. She was a stickler for class, and intolerant of a church in which the pews were not reserved. She did not understand free sittings; she was very anxious to do her duty by her fellow-creatures, but not from the same level. Her good works were tinged with patronage, and when her more lowly brothers and sisters winced, as people will, from that most galling infliction, she inwardly accused them of ingratitude. Not altogether a pleasant character, and yet Miss Rockingham was a handsome girl and a nice girl, who simply from want of an outlet to her feelings had contracted an unpleasant kink in her disposition.

But she was game as any of her race, and though evil times had come upon them, was not going to lower her crest on that account. It was a sore trouble to her that Gerald should think of marrying so much beneath himself; and when she learns, as sooner or later she must, how he is getting his living, it will be a very bitter moment to her. To say nothing of what she would consider the disgrace of his present calling, Ellen has a great horror of the turf. She regards it as associated with gambling, falsehood, and much other wickedness; moreover, she has ever before her eyes the ruin it has brought to her own home and family, and she would have told Gerald, and with reason, that the sea is as likely to give up its dead as the turf to restore the fortunes buried in its treacherous quicksands.

Yet Gerald, short as is the time he has followed his profession, has already some hundreds at his banker's, and is rapidly extending his connection and business. Still, the more that riding falls to the lot of Jim Forrest, so do the rumors strengthen and increase that he is of gentle blood, "a scion of an old family that has gone to everlasting smash, you know," murmured racing men in club smoking-rooms. The sporting papers began to babble of the "aristocratic jockey"; but though, of course, Forrest was aware that he had received that nickname, he was far from knowing how very busy men's tongues were about him. Amongst a large section of the racing community there was no doubt now about Jim's being well born, and who he was formed constant subject of discussion. It was evident that a boy brought up in a public school, who had passed a term at Cambridge, and who had been well known as such a very "promising young one" with the York and Ainstey, must be recognized before long in a pursuit which brought him so much before men's eyes as professional race riding. But there are many people in this world, and shrewd people too, who, like the ostrich, think that if they bury their head in the sand they have swallowed fern seed, and are consequently invisible. To bury your identity is a very difficult thing, but for one always before the public an impossibility.

The first person to thoroughly open Jim Forrest's eyes to the fact that his secret would very speedily become general property was Captain Farrington, that good-natured, reckless plunger, who followed Sir Marmaduke's banner so stanchly. Jim had been riding one of the Captain's indifferent platers at Egham, in a race in which it was fondly hoped he had met half a dozen rather worse than himself; but the calculations of the stable were upset, for, in spite of strenuous efforts on Forrest's part, he failed to get his horse nearer than second.

"You did your best, Jim," said the Captain, with his usual pleasant smile; "but the brute's even worse than we thought him."

"Yes, sir," replied Forrest; "I should have thought he was good enough to win in this company. It will be difficult to place him anywhere where he can earn his keep."

"More difficult to place him than to place you, Jim," replied Farrington. "I'm not going to ask impertinent questions; but you're one of *us*. I've bet a level hundred you're clean bred, whenever we get at your pedigree."

"I am James Forrest, the jockey; where I come from or of what stock is, I think, of no consequence to my employers, as long as I do my best by them."

"Quite right, Jim. I told you I'd no wish to press the point," replied the good-natured plunger, "but I warn you, it's a good deal talked about, and I should fancy you're safe to be spotted before long."

Forrest, on his way home to Newmarket, thought a good deal over what Captain Farrington had said. He knew the Captain was a shrewd man of the world, whose judgment might be relied on in a matter of this kind, and if he thought there was little doubt of some one shortly recognizing him as Gerald Rockingham, Jim felt that it would be so. He did not want that, he persuaded himself, at present, on account of the annoyance it would occasion his mother and sister; but in reality he shrank from its being proclaimed to the world that he was getting his living in a line not recognized as permissible for young men of gentle blood. He did not a bit mind the work, or being treated like any other of his fellows; he was only too thankful at having found a vocation so little distasteful by which he could not only get a living, but would have money to spare for those near and dear to him; but he infinitely preferred that it should be as "Jim Forrest."

However, he reflected, it would be time enough to worry about it when the thing came to pass, and at his age such Epicurean philosophy was, perhaps, as much as was to be expected.

The next morning Jim was up betimes, and away to the Heath to see what Sir Marmaduke's string might be doing. He found Mr. Pipes very busy indeed with the horses, for Sir Marmaduke, who, since the termination of the Sussex fortnight, had been away in Scotland, resting on his Goodwood laurels, had announced his intention of being present at both York and Doncaster, and issued extensive orders with regard to the northern campaign. The principal interest of the trainer and his assistants seemed centred on Bushranger, the Leger crack. Blackton, now entirely recovered from his accident, was there to give him a gallop. The horse had done remarkably well since Epsom, and been kept and carefully prepared for the great Doncaster race, and all connected with him were very sanguine that he would turn the tables on Comet.

"Good-morning, Forrest," said Mr. Pipes; "you're just in time to do us a turn. Go and get on Pibroch. I want you to bring Bushranger along the last mile. You can make it pretty warm for Blackton for that distance."

The latter nodded good-morning to Jim, and then said, laughing, "Ah! you'll not run away from me this morning as you did the first time we met. By-the-way, how's that gray devil doing? Are you going to ride him at Doncaster?"

"I saw him the other day, and he's right enough, and meant for the Leger; but how he'll

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

run is a thing no man can hazard an opinion about. I never ride for Greyson's stable now, and have no idea who is to have the mount."

"A book-maker's friend," retorted Blackton. "A sort that only wins when nobody's backed him. If I can only get rid of Comet, I sha'n't be afraid of him. I'd best be off, I suppose, Mr. Pipes? I suppose old King of the Mist will lead me as usual, and Forrest pick me up with Pibroch at the end of a mile."

The trainer nodded. "A good strong gallop, remember; but, of course, no racing. Still, you are to bustle Pibroch along toward the finish."

"All right," replied Jim, as he walked his horse leisurely after the other two, to await at the mile-post for their arrival.

It was but a few minutes before he saw King of the Mist leading the way at a good steady pace, and Jim just mettled up his horse. As they all but reached him, he jumped off with two or three lengths to the good and improved the speed, quickening it gradually till they neared the place where Pipes was standing, when he still further increased it, finishing almost at racing pace. Bushranger strode along in his track in grand fashion, and was, in racing parlance, always treading his heels off.

"Yes; we made a mistake with him in the Guineas," muttered the trainer confidentially to himself. "Bushranger stays much better than the other, to say nothing of his being a more improving one than Pibroch. He's a seven-pound better colt than when he ran second for the Derby; and the extra distance at Doncaster will serve him better than the mile and a half at Epsom. He went well with you, Blackton?" he continued aloud.

"Never galloped stronger in his life; and as for Pibroch, I fancy I could have smothered him any time in the last quarter of a mile, eh, Forrest?"

"I think Blackton's right, Mr. Pipes," replied Jim. "I believe he could have left me any time toward the end. There's no doubt about it, three-quarters of a mile suits Pibroch better than a whole one, and that's the extreme length of his tether. You'll not send him to Doncaster?"

"Yes, my orders are he is to go; but he's not going for the Leger, if you mean that," returned the trainer.

"*I* ought to have a great 'look in' with Bushranger," chimed in Blackton, with just a shade of acidity in his tones, implying "You had better discuss these things with the leading jockey of the stable." "Comet will have to be at his best to do me the next time."

"We'll hope he won't be," rejoined the trainer, tersely.

But there were plenty of keen eyes besides those of Mr. Pipes and his merry men who had watched Bushranger's gallop, and, like him, deemed it so satisfactory that the wires were in great request that morning; and when the magnates of the Victoria Club got together, it was evident that there was more then one commission to back Sir Marmaduke's crack for his Doncaster engagement in the market. That the credulous public should follow suit was matter of course; and at Tattersall's, in the afternoon, it was an open question whether Bushranger or Comet was first favorite for the Leger. In reporting this fact next day few of the leading sporting papers failed to remark "that, in spite of the strong demonstration in favor of Bushranger, reported to have done a splendid gallop that morning, there were a small coterie who apparently never tired of backing the Dancing Master at a certain price."

"Oh, by-the-way, Forrest," said the trainer, seizing an opportunity when Blackton was out of ear-shot, "you will be wanted at Doncaster."

"I!" ejaculated Jim. "Why, Mr. Pipes, what is there for me to do?"

"You will find out when you get there. Anyway, those are Sir Marmaduke's orders;" and so saying, the trainer turned carelessly away, leaving Forrest to walk home and meditate what the deuce Sir Marmaduke could want with him at Doncaster, now Blackton was about again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREAT WALL STREET MEETING.

The business men "who most do congregate" in the region of which the Sub-Treasury is the geographical and financial centre are not much given to merely partisan politics. Their occupation is absorbing, and tends to keep their heads cool and their enthusiasm under control. They watch the policy of the government as it affects their interests closely, but not from a partisan point of view. They are, so far as ordinary issues go, divided pretty evenly between the two great parties, with a very large contingent of what is called the floating or silent vote. It is only on occasions that involve the inherent principles of business or its immediate interests that they are apt to make any demonstration.

Four years ago there was a great meeting about the Sub-Treasury in support of Mr. Garfield, who appealed strongly to business men by the firm and effective stand that he had for years maintained in defense of the principles of honest finance, and by his enlightened and statesmanlike treatment of the general questions of commercial legislation. That meeting embraced a large percentage of Democrats who were afraid of the tendencies of their own party. On Thursday last there was a still larger meeting on the same spot in support of Grover Cleveland. All reports of impartial observers agree that this meeting was not only larger, but that its feeling was more intense and more united. The pavement of Wall Street from Broadway to William Street, and the broad space from the Sub-Treasury south to Exchange Place, were packed with a crowd of not less than 10,000 men. Cleveland clubs from the Produce and Maritime exchanges, from the Cotton Exchange, from the Mercantile Exchange, from the Petroleum and Mining exchanges, from the Coffee Exchange, and a Merchants' Cleveland Club, marched upon the ground from their various head-quarters, with silken banners and badges, preceded by bands of music. The meeting was addressed by Hon. Roswell P. Flower, who presided, Hon. William Dorsheimer, and Ex-Governor Salomon. Mr. Dorsheimer's address was pointed, solid, and brilliant. "What is that quality," he demanded, "that lies at the foundation of all commerce? What is that quality which must exist in human character in order that commerce shall exist? Beyond all doubt that quality is *honesty*." The applause that rang out in response showed that he had struck the key-note of the spirit of the meeting. Pointing to Ward's noble statue on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, he asked, "What made Washington great?" and answered that "it was because through and through he was an honest man. We feel," he added, "that his fame is secure, because no letters or other documents will ever be found to cast suspicion on him.

"Whatever record leaps to light,
He can never change."

Governor Salomon, on the other hand, spoke as a Republican who supported Mr. Cleveland for the same reasons that had made him vote and work for Mr. Lincoln a quarter of a century since.

This meeting of the business men in the great centre of finance of this continent is significant because it shows that the feeling of the business community is deeply moved by the question of character. It is not the differences in professed principle or in avowed policy between the two great parties that now attract attention. As a matter of fact, these differences are very small, and the business men of Wall Street or of the whole country would feel but little the influence of the course which either party can or will take in the direction of legislation, since each party is restrained by a powerful minority from going very far toward its extreme views. But business men must and will feel very greatly the effect upon the tone of the government, upon its general credit, upon the reputation of the nation, upon the standing of its merchants and financiers, of the decision for or against honesty in the Chief Executive.

A NEW GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

In a trap-rock quarry of Orange Mountain, New Jersey, a remarkable natural curiosity has recently been disclosed—a series of basaltic columns closely resembling the celebrated Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland.

We learn from an interesting article contributed to the Orange *Journal* by Professor George H. Cook, head of the New Jersey Geological Bureau, that the workings in this quarry extend seven hundred feet along the face of the mountain. They are thirty feet in height at the ends, rising to a hundred feet at the centre. The whole of this surface is made up of columns of rock as perfect in form as if cut out by workmen, and packed in as closely as the hexagonal cells in a honey-comb.

The columns, of which we give an illustration on page 687, are mostly six-sided, although there are some with only five sides. Those at the two extremities of the quarry are perpendicular, and perhaps thirty feet high, while the higher portion in the middle is made up of columns which are more or less inclined, as if directed toward a central line. The columns in the same part of the quarry are quite uniform in size and appearance, but those at the northeast end are much the largest, some of them being four feet across a single side; those at the southwest are smaller, but still very large, being from two to two and a half feet across the sides, while those in the middle are perhaps a foot or more in the same measurement. The columns of the Giant's Causeway on the Irish coast are much smaller, being only about twenty feet in height, and varying in diameter from fifteen to twenty inches.

The Orange Mountain rocks, says Professor Cook, "rise to the very crest of the mountain, and make all of its higher and rougher parts, but underneath them is a great platform of red sandstone, extending back and slanting downward into the mountain. At the quarry this rock is only from four to eight feet below the working bottom, and these gigantic pillars seem to stand upon it. The trap-rock is of igneous origin. It has been melted beneath the surface, and then forced through fractures, or between the inclined layers of the overlying rock, out to the surface. The peculiar and characteristic structure of the rock has been developed in its cooling and solidification. The differences in the appearance of the rock structure in different parts of the quarry suggest the thought that the rock here has not all been forced out at once, but that it has come out in at least two or three successive eruptions."

The appearance of the rocks on the crest of the mountain suggests the crater of an extinct volcano, and the attention of geologists has already been directed to a careful study of this remarkable formation. The whole face of the quarry, as now exposed, seems, in fact, to be a section cut directly through the centre of an ancient crater. We learn that the New England Society has taken steps for the preservation of these columns, and that the owner of the quarry, Mr. John O'Rourke, has agreed to suspend work there until the matter is decided. Thousands of people have visited the quarry since the columns were laid bare, and public opinion is strongly against breaking these wonderful curiosities into material for road-beds. It is to be hoped that the effort to preserve them for the benefit of the public will be successful.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An incident of the business activity in Baxter Street was reported a few days ago in the newspapers. After describing the injuries suffered by the rival clothiers and their families, an account says, "The customer got away from both of them unhurt." It is to be inferred, therefore, that he bought two coats.

It is the unexpected that happens. Instead of being struck by lightning, Zagazig has been plundered by brigands.

One of the National Labor parties, after its orators had declared that both the old and largely effete parties should be buried out of sight, nominated its chief man for coroner. That looks like an aggressive campaign. The Convention also put in its platform a plank in favor of baseball playing in Central Park on Sundays. However, as Mr. Blaine said of Prohibition, that is a local issue.

Among the "humors of the campaign" is the story that General Butler will receive a heavy vote in New Orleans next month. The story comes straight from the Butler head-quarters in this city, otherwise it might not be believed.

A young Englishman who had taken quarters at a Coney Island hotel started the story that he was a nobleman existing *incog.* Of late, in view of the time and place of his self-ennoblement, he has been called the New Iron Peer.

A number of street cars have been built in this city for shipment to Japan. They are wholly finished here, even to the Japanese characters in gilt on their sides, and are to be used in Tokio. They will have conductors, for the jigger or bob-tailed car is an abomination which the people of Japan will not tolerate. When our own country is as free from the rule of corporations as is Japan, the bob-tailed cars will become a reminiscence here.

A Georgia man claims to have a rooster which crows every day at noon with such exactness that all the neighbors set their clocks by him.

In one of the imposing houses of worship on Fifth Avenue the doors are closed and silk curtains are drawn across the entrances to the aisles when the minister arises to begin his sermon. This is in conformity to a rule adopted by the board of trustees, made necessary by persons coming in late and disturbing the preacher and the congregation.

Three races were represented by the three men concerned in an action at law in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a few days since. A negro and a white man were accused of stealing chickens from Yeum Quong Wah. The Caucasian pleaded guilty, and went to prison because he could not pay the fine imposed. The African's case was continued. Serenity rested upon the countenance of the Chinese.

Turn about is fair play, as between Canada and the United States. A dispatch from Montreal says that an insurance agent of that city, who "has been living in high style and moving in the best society," has "mysteriously taken leave of his former friends," and is believed to be sojourning in New York or Boston. His "luxuriously furnished home" has been under the autioneer's hammer, and the proceeds of the sale were vastly insufficient to satisfy his creditors. His return to Montreal "is not anticipated."

Now comes forward an inventor who claims to have gotten up a telephone which is operated without the help of electricity, and requires no insulation of the wire, and yet reproduces "aspirates and sounds that it is impossible to transmit over any other known telephone."

In the course of the litigation likely to arise over the possession of Broadway for railway purposes it is probable that a proposition will be urged that the city has not the power to give or keep that thoroughfare. This proposition will be based on the claim that Broadway was an old State road, and the city has never acquired any other right in it than the right to use it as a street. The claim is made in respect only to the lower part of Broadway, extending from its foot to Bleecker Street, we believe. It is held, also, that the Bowery became the property of the State in the same way, and has never belonged to the city. If these claims should ever be established, it will be pleasant to know that there are two strips of territory in this city used by the public which the aldermen can not present to corporations.

The telegraph may be counted upon to furnish something at not very long intervals for the delight of connoisseurs in amusing blunders. "Can not be down till Thursday—foreman drunk," wrote a California editor, and left it to be telegraphed to some friends. "Can not be down till Thursday forenoon—drunk," was the shape in which it reached them.

Mr. Dodge, a well-known Georgia preacher, is said to be related to both James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. It must be pleasant for Mr. Dodge to go to sleep nights knowing that whichever way the election goes, the Presidency is sure to come into the family.

The question whether colored men may be enlisted in the Signal Service Corps has been decided by Secretary Lincoln, who has instructed the Chief Signal Officer to give such orders to his recruiting officers "as will prohibit the rejection as a recruit by any such recruiting officer of any applicant for enlistment in the Signal Corps on account of the color or on account of the African descent of such applicant." The question came up in consequence of the application of a colored youth, a graduate of the College of the City of New York, for admission to the corps. The recruiting officer refused to enlist him except upon an order of the Secretary of War. General Hazen wrote to Secretary Lincoln denying that he had any prejudice against negroes, but saying, "If it is intended that the Signal Corps shall be singled out as a separate branch [of the army] where mixed enlistments may take place, I feel it my duty to recommend that this be not done." The Secretary's order requested General Hazen to report to him the action taken under it, with special reference to the application of the colored graduate of the City College. He also wrote that if the recruiting officer declined to act in accordance with his view, that officer's name be reported to the department, so that he might be relieved by one who would so act.

THE CLEAN SHIRT—A BAD FIT.

Sir Blaine. "I haven't felt so uncomfortable for twenty years. Ever since I put this on I've had to defend myself. Oh, give me back my old shirt!"

Hired Editor. "Patience, my dear boss. Washington and Lincoln always put on the bloody shirt for the last week of the campaign—just too late for the brigadier-generals to hear of it."

ON THE NEWPORT SANDS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE "GIANT'S CAUSEWAY," AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 683.]

SEA BUILDERS.

What living things are these
Deep in the tropic seas
Or Northern waters? Cold
And voiceless—yet they live:
They are vital as the heart
Of men who breathe and give
Moon-nights to fame and gold,
And love-days that depart
As dreams are told.

To the subaqueous rocks
Their arborescent blocks
Cling fast; their branches spread
In delicate forms of grace
Beneath the ocean, fair
As leaves that interlace;
Or from the hard sea-bed
They build star reefs and bare
That sailors dread.

Once in my search I found
An island. All around
Its green, luxuriant earth
The blue Pacific lay;
Exquisite odors blent
In its sweet air, and they
Who had grown up from birth
Amid its beauty spent
Their woodland mirth
Unmindful as a bird
That sings not to be heard.
This island-world was wrought
By the patient polyp's toil,
And like some wonder rose
Out of the water's broil;
And here the ages brought
Plant life, and life that glows
In human thought.

George Edgar Montgomery.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

or,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BROTHERLY, SISTERLY.

"I have sent Flora to bed; the poor little thing was worn out with sorrow and fatigue," Elizabeth said, as they walked back to the chalet. "Harvey, too, I think, drowses. You see, we were travelling the greater part of last night. But I could not take any rest till I had seen you," she added, in a voice that conveyed the most implicit trust in him, and at the same time put him on an affectionate standing: the old romantic relation was to be left wholly out of sight, a brotherly, sisterly confidence and intimacy, by virtue of Flora's betrothal with Harvey, taking its place.

"Will you tell me everything that passed between my sister Eva and yourself?" she asked, without the remotest suspicion that Arthur could have anything to conceal.

"Had we not better put off talking till to-morrow?" Arthur asked.

"No," she answered, with decision; "I shall be better able to bear this trouble when I know all." Here her voice dropped to an agonized whisper as she added: "I will conceal nothing from you. We must keep this from Flora, but I can not help thinking Eva fled to death as a refuge. She had suffered so much, and knew how much suffering she had caused others! It must have been so."

Arthur Venning was dumb. He let her lead him to their little sitting-room. The chalet was empty; they could have had as many rooms as they pleased now, but then speech did not come. Elizabeth wept a little before she could say a word more, and he had scant comfort to give.

Suddenly she rose, and unlocking a drawer, placed a little water-color portrait in his hand. It was the self-same sketch he had made of Eva during that first strange visit to the palace. Whilst he appeared to examine it, Elizabeth hung over the picture, weeping bitterly.

"We found this in her room," she said. "How sad and yet how beautiful! I never saw my Eva look thus. When we parted she was bright as a star, and Stella all called her because she seemed to shine amid others. Oh, Eva! Eva! why were you born to be so unhappy?"

Arthur felt conscious that he must seem unsympathetic, and Elizabeth hastened to apologize for him.

"You did not love her," she cried, passionately, "or you would weep as I am doing now. But tell me what passed between you. The people here say that she was on her way to England, and had consulted with you as to finding means of livelihood there. Is that so?"

"It is as you say."

"Were you kind and encouraging?" she asked, after a pause.

Again Arthur made sign of affirmation.

"There must have been some new sorrow at the last. It could not have been because she heard that Flora and I had left the island so hastily. For do you know why we went away?" she asked, with a sad smile. "It seemed captious and unreasonable of me then, I know, but I may tell you now. I discovered that Eva was on this very island. Our father had made us promise solemnly never to see her." She calmed herself now, and went on again with a look of rebuke. "But all this time I am talking to you as if you knew my poor Eva's story, and you could not know it, of course. She would never tell you."

"She told me," broke in Arthur.

Elizabeth looked up scrutinizingly, and with an expression of intense, almost fearful surprise. Arthur tried to extricate her as well as himself from the difficulty.

"How could I help her unless I knew something?" he said, hoping to appear collected and matter-of-fact. "She asked me to find her some kind of employment in England. I was bound to know her circumstances."

Elizabeth looked hopelessly perplexed and dejected.

"You say you were kind and encouraging," she said, almost appearing to shrink from Arthur in a momentary apprehension that made him hateful to her. "Were you considerate, respectful?" she broke forth at last. "Did you treat Eva as you treat me?"

How like the dead Eva was the living Elizabeth in her flashing scorn, her lightning-like look penetrating his very soul! The girl's passion unmanned him. He saw himself driven into trusting Elizabeth as he had never intended to trust any living soul.

"Was I considerate, respectful?—did I treat Eva as I treat you?" he cried. Then he got out the words with bitter scorn, "I asked her to be my wife."

Both were pale and silent now. Elizabeth's flush had died away, and Arthur's angry frown. They sat opposite to each other, full of passionate thoughts, yet both unready of utterance. Elizabeth was the first to grow calm and kind. She could not in the least think of herself now, or of any slight, real or imaginary, Arthur had put upon her. Her mind was wholly bent on Eva and the secret, as she had feared, buried in Eva's grave.

"Why did you ask her to marry you?" she asked, very sadly and wonderingly.

"You may well put that question to me," Arthur answered, very bitterly. "Had I not put the same question to yourself a few weeks before? And what will you say when I speak of love," he added, growing more and more ironic and self-condemnatory. "But scorn me as you will, love it was that prompted me. First I pitied this beautiful Eva, then I loved her."

All the time that Arthur's mood was hardening under the intense humiliation of this confession, Elizabeth's manner but grew softer and kinder. She was passing through one of those crises that make even the most impulsive natures seem passionless. Elizabeth's affection for her brilliant elder sister had been sheer idolatry. That Arthur Venning should have willed to do this thing but drew her nearer to him. She could overlook a lapse on the part of her lover that took the shape of magnanimity to Eva.

Arthur, not reading these single-minded thoughts, continued his palinode:

"Think meanly of me as you will, but at least exonerate me from absolute disloyalty toward yourself. You had told me in the plainest possible words that you could not think of marriage. When you spoke of outraged feeling and a forfeited word, I imagined you to be telling your own story; I supposed that you had already cared too much for another ever to care for me."

"My friend, my brother," Elizabeth broke in, with wonderful sweetness and calm, "I am not thinking of myself; do not you think of me. Let us talk of Eva. It would comfort me inexpressibly to believe that some accident had brought about her death. But I can not put away horrible misgivings that it was not so." She looked up as if for comfort. What had he to give? He sat like a conscience-stricken man.

"Your offer of marriage should have inspired hope," she went on; "that is to say, if Eva was not so broken-hearted to look forward. Did she give you any answer?"

Arthur's answer was swift and startling. "We were to have been married on this island," he said, averting his face.

Elizabeth remained long buried in deep thought. Then she said, forcing him into further disclosures: "If so, then what could have happened to bring about this sudden change of feeling? There must have been a cause, and no trifling one, to drive her to despair. Oh! will you not let me know all?" she added, beseechingly, ready to go on her knees to him in the extremity of her suspense. "No matter how cruel, how more than sad, only let me have the truth," she pleaded.

Arthur hesitated. Her passionate appeal was almost more than he could bear. There was something so like Eva in the candid, fair face upraised to his own, such a tone of Eva's in the clear girlish voice, that he was shaken to the very roots of his nature. He felt it impossible to answer, more than impossible to refuse. That momentary conflict aged him.

"Elizabeth, my sister Elizabeth," he said at last, "do you remember something I said to you when we first knew each other? You asked me then if I was a brave man, and I made answer that courage and valorousness must be tried. I remember saying to you—how little I thought we should both soon be put to the proof!—that I believed a crisis came to us all when we need every vestige of heroism that is in us. Can you be brave now?"

"Oh, Arthur, I am sure you have something terrible to break to me. My Eva! You did not abandon her at the last? No unkind word dropped from your lips? You were good to her?" she cried, seizing Arthur's hand and raising it to her lips. "For if you were good to Eva, and it was through no fault of yours she despaired at the last, I will adore you, Arthur. You shall be loved by me as never brother was loved by sister yet. But tell me it was not you who sent Eva to her doom."

She was shaken by emotion now, and the sweet, calm, dignified manner was changed to impetuous, irresistible pathos. Arthur, hardly knowing what he did, wholly unmanned and pliant to her will, spoke out gently and tremblingly. "No, Elizabeth. My best friend, my sister, I am blameless. And do not weep too much for our lost Eva. She died nobly. It was to insure, as she thought, your own happiness." He spoke now with great tenderness and humility. "That night before I went away we were talking of my past life. She asked me playfully if I had ever loved before, and I told her of you. I said that I had never cared for any woman till I set foot on this island, and that a few weeks before I had asked a sweet girl named Elizabeth Flower to become my wife; that she had refused—"

Light was breaking on Elizabeth's mind now. Arthur felt her quick breath come and go, sure precursor of mental or bodily agony. She was kneeling by his side, looking up into his face, resolved to have the truth if it killed her.

"How could I suppose," he went on, "that the story you told me was her own, and that but for Eva you would not have refused my love? I spoke of the obstacles you had hinted at—family misfortune, disgrace. I said that but for these I might have persuaded you to marry me. And—God forgive me!—I even let her think that you had begun to care for me, that we had begun to care for each other." Elizabeth saw it all now. She was weeping as if her heart would break. There was no one to blame—but no one to give comfort.

"You would have done as much for her," Arthur said, in a low voice.

"I knew all along how Eva loved me," cried Elizabeth at last. "But now she will never know how I loved her. I durst not even write. My father from the first would have it so. All were so hard upon my poor Eva, Arthur. Arthur," she said, in tones startlingly artless and yet solemn, "do you think there is life and memory beyond the grave? Shall I ever be able to make Eva understand there? I know that death ends the kind of existence familiar to us. It must be so. But will there be sympathy, communication, between those who have loved, misjudged, wronged each other here? Will there be reparation, think you? some kind of spiritual intercourse, some means of self-justification on the part of those who seem now to act blindly? It would comfort me if I could believe this. But do you believe it?"

"Without aspiration there can be no belief," Arthur made answer. "Till now I have never suffered enough to look beyond the present."

She looked at him with an expression of wholly new concern, mingled with some self-rebuke. She had all this time lost sight of his own sorrow.

"Arthur," she said, "you do not weep. Your voice is hard. Yet you loved Eva. You want comfort too."

"There is time enough for weeping!" he said, with a dreary smile. Then he rose to go. But first he went toward her and pressed a brother's kiss on her pure candid forehead.

"Heaven bless you, Elizabeth!" he said—"my sister Elizabeth!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE END OF THE WAITING.

Two days later Arthur Venning was once more waiting on his island alone.

He had taken affectionate leave of Harvey and the sisters, but, for no reason that he cared to give, declared his intention of remaining behind yet a week or two.

"Do not stay till the sea is frozen," Harvey said, cheerily. The brothers' misunderstanding had been righted with a word.

Arthur wore a semblance of cheerfulness too. "Well," he retorted, glancing at Flora, who had never looked prettier than in her black gown, "I should be all the nearer to Bremen in the spring. You say you will want my presence there."

"Yes, we must have you there," Harvey replied, blithely. Flora had turned away her blushing face. Arthur added, "You will find me in London, most likely, Harvey, if you turn up there yourself this winter."

Arthur had something he wanted to say to Elizabeth, but lacked the courage. Did she guess why he lingered on the island? Had she a parting injunction to give about Eva's grave? He dared not ask.

All that passed between them Harvey and Flora could hear too—a word of friendly farewell, a promise on Elizabeth's part to write, an admonition on Arthur's that she should be careful of her health. Then the boat put off, and Arthur, to his inexpressible relief, found himself alone.

It was his first sorrow. No wonder that even the sweet company of Elizabeth was unwelcome, almost unendurable, to him! Only one thing he craved now, and that was solitude. Who, indeed, is enough alone? Alike in our joys, sorrows, and common moods, the world is too much with us. Arthur Venning's longing for privacy and quiet indicated depths of feeling he was conscious of for the first time. He had not told Elizabeth the whole truth, for if he had hitherto not known what sorrow was, still less had he known of himself. He had never supposed that anything could make him suffer as he was suffering now.

He went back without losing time to the little capital with its ancient minster, but found no more the same place. The golden dome now flashed above an amethystine hill; no corn fields now lay bathed in amber light; no rose gardens sloped down to a silvery sea. About the sombre tower hovered the gray sea-ravens, croaking hoarsely as they wheeled hither and thither. Summer had vanished from the hanging pleasure-grounds. Far and wide stretched the bare brown fallow land under a cheerless sky. All was sad and common.

Arthur went straight to the quiet grave-yard under the Dom, and sat down by the mound of freshly turned earth on which lay faded chaplets. Could he leave Eva in this dreary place? Could he find any comfort in the cheerful, busy life to which he was returning? Not a creature was stirring in this old-world God's-acre where he now sat alone. Far away stretched the sea, many a rocky islet breaking the monotone of cold metallic silvery gray. Inland he saw sweeps of barren hill and dark forest, the fairy world of yestreen translated into gloom unutterable.

Arthur recalled the charm and delicious freshness of his first few weeks in the island almost with wonder now. How enthusiastically he had entered into the spirit of this unique summer holiday! How young and naïve he had felt when exploring the island with Elizabeth and Flora! How he had revelled in the sweetness and beauty of the place! How easy it had been to fall in love, or fancy himself falling in love, with Elizabeth!

Then he thought of the feeling that had been love indeed, that had led him to a desperate resolve. Was it so with all men as with him, or was he born with deeper feelings than he had ever given himself credit for? One thought comforted him inexpressibly, and it was that none but Elizabeth would ever share his secret. He might mourn for Eva as much as he pleased. He might appear superficial where the other sex was concerned, even cold, cynical, bitter. The world would never know why. He had something of the worldling and much of the Briton about him here. The desperate scot paid to feeling would be known to himself only. He rose at last, and rang the bell of a tiny postern leading into the cathedral cloisters. The summons was answered by the sacristan's daughter, one of those fair-haired, blue-eyed, well-favored young women common to the island. These rustic beauties often spend their whole lives without crossing the narrow channel shutting them off from the continent, and yet, with the most entire freedom from coquetry or self-consciousness, possess easy, gentle manners, acquired one knows not how.

"I have something to say to you. Do me the favor to come out, Fräulein," he said, raising his hat, and addressing her with the formal politeness now exacted from the humblest ranks in Germany. "You see this grave?" he said, pointing to the mound raised two days ago.

"Yes, I see it," said the girl.

He took out two gold pieces and put them into her hand.

"Now," he said, "I want you to keep this special grave covered with fresh flowers from to-day till next July. Will you undertake the task? Here is your payment."

The girl had colored with astonishment and pleasure at the sight of the guerdon—a royal one in her simple eyes.

"Dear God in heaven!" she cried. "Is the gentleman dreaming? In a month more not a grave will be seen any more than the dead who lie in it. There will be several feet of snow, sure as we stand here, till April."

"True," Arthur said. "I had not thought of the snow. But till it comes, and when it goes, will you remember the flowers?"

"Oh yes," she answered, eagerly. "And I can procure roses and such like. My brother is under-gardener at the palace."

"No hot-house blossoms, understand that," Arthur put in, quickly. "Only the posies you find in your own garden or in the woods and fields." He glanced at the little plot just outside the postern, and added: "I see rosemary here and pansies in blow, and a last white rose or two. Then in the brook by yonder garth are forget-me-nots in plenty, and in the spring the woods will be white with lilies-of-the-valley—Mai-Blumen you call them. These are the flowers for graves."

"I understand," said the girl, and stooping down she culled the choicest offerings she had to give.

"Take these now, and I will see that the gentleman's wishes are carried out; I will not forget." Arthur glanced at her before saying farewell.

"Such charges are sacred," he said. She had a sweet face, but a careless one. He did not feel sure of her memory. "Promise." She crimsoned. Tears came into her eyes. Then she held out her rough little hand, and falteringly gave the word.

He went back to the lonely grave uncomforted. He had gratified a foolish, sentimental whim, he reflected, but if it brought him no solace, at least Elizabeth would be made happier. He had done it partly for her sake.

Yet as he lingered thus he said that Elizabeth would never be anything but a sister to him. His love, all that was best in him, lay buried here. He thought and believed that he should visit this lonely grave every summer as long as he lived. He said to himself that when once he had recovered from the shock he should have an unruffled, even existence to the end of his days. Love, much less passion, should never trouble him any more.

To this his mind was fully made up, yet with the discomforting half-consciousness that perhaps it could not be so. He might appear to forget Eva against his will. Was he not here made aware of a truth on which rests the very stability of human society, the capacity for hope within the human breast? The divine order of things has so willed it. Were it not otherwise the world would be one vast tomb, and life an unbroken threnody. But alike in the spirit as in the flesh, we must abide with the living and not the dead.

Having bid Eva farewell, there was nothing to keep Arthur Venning any longer on his Northern island. His coming and waiting were not in vain. He had found Love and Mirage, and thus seen fulfilled the dearest wishes of his heart.

Wiser, certes, he was for the supreme experience of life; but happier? 'Tis a question each heart must answer for itself; other oracles are dumb.

THE END.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Having decided on visiting the Pyramids, it was necessary to make an early start from Cairo; and we set off in bright starlight, crossed the Nile, and were soon clear of the town, bowling along at a sharp pace over a good road under a beautiful avenue of acacia-trees which extends the whole way to the Pyramids, ten miles off. Presently we passed an imposing pile of buildings with extensive grounds, which was pointed out as the Khedive's new palace; then another, built, so we were informed, for Prince Hussein, and soon after yet another, intended, it was said, for the Khedive's second son. We began to hope, for the sake of the Egyptian tax-payer, that there were not many more sons to be similarly provided for. Certainly, if visits to foreign countries have had no other result, they have inspired the rulers of Egypt with notions of luxury and magnificence which their country can ill afford to gratify. Their ambition of late years seems to have been to convert Cairo into a second Paris; and the millions that have been wasted on mere frivolous display must have been a source of wonder to all sound financiers. A considerable part of the country was under water from the recent inundation; small islands dotted about marking the position of villages with their groves of palms, while here and there a figure might be seen wending its way, waist-deep, across the submerged plain.

Our first view of the Pyramids, as we turned a corner of the road, and observed them looming dimly through the morning mists, was a sight to be remembered, and was a fitting sequel to our introduction to them the evening before. The sun was just flushing the sky above, and as the first rays shot over the distant hills they caught the peak of the Great Pyramid, tipping it with a glow of red light and throwing into deeper gloom the mass below, the whole magnificent effect being reflected on the glassy surface of the intervening lake with the distinctness of a mirror; and, as we approached, the line of light might be observed creeping lower and lower until the whole mass was one rich glow of orange, and the sun itself at length burst into view, chasing the mists away, and pouring down its rays with a force which was soon to be unbearable.

The general effect, as you approach the base of the Great Pyramid, is, as all know full well who have experienced it, simply overpowering; and for some minutes you feel the utmost difficulty in mentally grasping its majestic proportions, or in realizing in the smallest degree the material and labor expended in its construction. You can only look and wonder until the first daze wears off. After making a tour of inspection we followed the example of every other traveller and ascended the Pyramid attributed to Cheops; and although the ascent is hardly as arduous as that of the Matterhorn, from the fact that the rectangular blocks, which form a series of steps from base to summit, are at the same time some three or four feet high—rather beyond the stretch of most people's legs—it is necessary to vault from one to the other, a gymnastic feat which soon becomes monotonous, and you begin to wonder why your legs grow shorter and heavier each step of the ascent.

Nor was it for the lack of proffered assistance that we essayed the attempt alone; for a whole army of Arabs are ever on the alert to tender their help to those in need, and, with two of them to pull and one to shove behind, the ascent can be accomplished with little more exertion than that of putting one leg before the other. But being able-bodied as well as strong in the legs, we scornfully declined assistance of any sort—a "devil-may-care" proceeding which seemed to excite the gravest alarm in the minds of our would-be attendants, who not only did all they could to instill the belief into others, but seemed to cherish the delusion themselves, that the ascent of the Pyramids without their assistance was a physical impossibility.

In spite of our efforts to get rid of these chattering pests they followed us up, and on attaining the summit tried to persuade us that we ought to expend what little breath there was remaining in shouting at the tops of our voices, by way of announcing the achievement to the surrounding country; but we were unprepared for any such violent display of feeling. Whether the wicked deserve any peace in this world or not, surely the most hardened sinner might look for a brief immunity from the annoyances of his fellow-creatures at the top of the Great Pyramid; but such a happy lot was not to be ours; the importunities of those wretched Arabs got almost beyond endurance; they nearly drove us mad. Not content with following us up, they must needs sit down with us, and then they stared at us, they shouted at us, they even tried to quarrel with us; and as if these forms of torture were not sufficient, they began pestering us with singularly disinterested offers to run down one Pyramid and up another in some incredibly short space of time, for the paltry sum of sixpence. The offer was a tempting one indeed; we would gladly have paid double this sum—nay, three times the amount—to have got rid of them, say for ten minutes, so that we might have enjoyed the magnificent panorama spread at our feet in peace and quietness; but as their number was already legion, it would only have been putting a premium on vice. So, after racking our brains in vain for some device to get rid of them, short of murder, we began the descent, and on reaching the plain once more, drove back to Cairo, and spent the rest of the day in wandering through the bazars and listening to an Egyptian military band discoursing French airs in some public gardens.

Apropos of our rambles, there was a little incident which ought to be recorded, as tending to show the depravity of Egyptian donkey boys. One of our party having ventured to hint at the extreme impropriety of leaving Cairo without having ridden a donkey, the sentiment was re-echoed by a majority, and although at the moment no donkeys were visible, the wish was no sooner expressed than, as if by intuition, what appeared to be the entire donkey population of Cairo suddenly presented itself. The street simply swarmed with donkeys, and before we had well realized the fact, a score or more of donkey proprietors were shouting the rival claims of their beasts into our ears, with a persistency and strength of lung which were irresistible. A minority of the party, who had scornfully repudiated the idea of disporting themselves in so frivolous a fashion, had a rough time of it. It was to no purpose that they assured the infatuated youths they did not want donkeys, for their importunities only redoubled, until they fairly roared with incredulity: the idea was absurd! they must have donkeys! they could not, in fact, be allowed to proceed unless they passed over their donkeys' backs. The end of it was, the minority were driven to bay in a tailor's shop, from whence, with the help of a friendly snip, an escape was made by a back door.

THE SCHOOL CONTEST IN BELGIUM.

Just three hundred years have passed since the assassination of William of Orange (1584) gave back what is now known as the kingdom of Belgium into the hands of the reactionaries and the Spaniards. William, the most amiable and the most consistent of liberals, would have saved Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels from the tyranny of an alien race and a despotic Church. But at his death they fell before their destroyers. Antwerp, scarred with the ineffaceable traces of the "Spanish Fury" or the "French Fury," was to sink at last before the arms of Parma into a scene of waste and ruin. Once the commercial capital of the North, it has slept from that day until this, the monument of the persecuting rage of the reactionaries. Its commerce and its wealth passed to Holland and to England. Its Protestant population was driven away, massacred, or forced into an unwilling compliance with the ruling Church. Freedom of thought perished throughout all Belgium. The printing-press and free institutions made its neighbor Holland the teacher of the age, the ruler of the seas, the centre of liberal progress. And it is only in the present century that Belgium, founded anew as an independent and liberal kingdom, has arisen from the slumber of death imposed upon it by its conquerors of the close of the sixteenth century.

It has awoke at last. But it is in a manner singular and almost inconsistent. It is no longer a religious quarrel that disturbs the country. There are very few Protestants in Belgium; nearly its whole population claim to be Roman Catholic. The fearful massacres of the sixteenth century were perfectly successful. But in the midst of this apparently united population has grown up the question: "Shall the priests or the people control the education of the children? Shall monks and nuns be the only teachers, and every school inculcate the extreme doctrines of the ultramontanes?" It is the same question that has so often arisen in our own country, from Massachusetts to Oregon, from Canada to New Mexico. And on this point the five and a half millions of the people of Belgium have been roused to a pitch of excitement approaching civil war. The contest has raged for many years. Belgium is one of the worst and one of the best educated countries in Europe. Its cities are full of intelligence and the highest cultivation, and they are all intensely liberal. The rural districts are lost in poverty and ignorance, and wholly controlled by the priests. Not many years ago no liberal politician could venture into the country; and the recent sack of the villa of a liberal Senator by the rural Catholics—*paysans cléricaux*—is given by the Brussels papers as one of the causes of the intense excitement in the city.

The two parties in Belgium are so nearly equal that the change of a few votes decided the recent election. For four years the liberals had been in power, and their chief aim was to establish unsectarian schools and educate all the people. But they were divided upon the questions of the enlargement of the suffrage and a necessary increase of taxation. The clericals gained the control. They at once prepared a new educational law, which the liberals claim will destroy the unsectarian schools. The liberals assert that the clericals are laboring to introduce a real tyranny; the cities are to be reduced to vassalage. Says the *Indépendance Belge:* "The clericals strive to exasperate the people; to drive them to acts of violence." It palliates while it condemns the recent disorders. On the 7th of September the clerical party prepared to lead a great procession through the streets of Brussels to present an address to the King. It was chiefly composed of peasants from the country, and more than eighty thousand of the least educated of the people invaded the capital. The liberals unwisely placed themselves in the way of the procession. A contest arose. Several hundred persons were severely injured. Party spirit rages throughout the little kingdom, and Belgium is once more the battle-ground of contending principles, as in the days of William the Silent. On the one side are the friends of advancing knowledge; on the other, its bitter foes.

Motley has painted with unrivalled accuracy and force the fate of the Netherlands under their oppressors three centuries ago—the frightful fall of Antwerp, the sack of Mechlin, Mons, Ghent; the terror and abject submission of Brussels and Bruges. It is strange to find so late in history the same struggle, though of a milder form, renewed. Recently the burgomasters of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and many other cities appeared before the King to protest against the proposed alteration in the school law. They ask only for delay, or a dissolution of the reactionary Parliament and an appeal to the people. But the less intelligent part of the nation—the extreme ultramontanes—now threaten to remove the burgomasters, and to bring the cities to complete submission to the ruling sect. "We are the masters," they say; "you must obey." It is the spirit of Alva and of Parma renewed in the scene of their dreadful achievements. The good sense of the liberal Roman Catholics will probably restrain the violence of their extremists. The liberal papers inculcate forbearance and moderation. They confide in the irresistible force of advancing knowledge.

Eugene Lawrence.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

PREVENTING SEASICKNESS.

Would that there were no more sea! Would that one could cross the Atlantic without paying this tax on travel, this hard exaction that outweighs even the pleasures of a European tour!

Thousands of people utter this wish every spring, as the outgoing Atlantic steamers put to sea without them. How many thousands who stay would go if only some sure preventive was known for this most distressing disease!

For seasickness is not a thing to laugh at, either from the economical or the personal point of view. It keeps down the world's passenger travel by sea to one-half, I suppose, of what it would be if seasickness could be prevented; and what inestimable suffering does it cause to millions every year! Until recently it has been generally considered as an ailment that might be palliated, but not prevented or cured. Within a few years, however, the question of preventing seasickness altogether has taken on a new aspect; and it is now in a much more hopeful way than ever before. I will not say that it is solved, except in the confident belief of some who have investigated the new treatment; but it seems to be in a fair way of being solved. The new treatment has very enthusiastic advocates.

The late Dr. Beard was one of the firm believers in the absolute preventability of seasickness; he numbered the disease as among the unnecessary evils. A battered copy of his little book lies before me as I write; it kept me company on two rough Atlantic voyages, during which I made a careful trial of the treatment that he advocated. Of its success in his own hands he wrote thus in the spring of 1881: "One year ago seasickness was thought to be the most hopeless of all diseases; to-day there is no other nervous disease of the family to which it belongs, and few diseases of any kind, except perhaps small-pox, that are so completely under medical control as this."

How far is this true? How far have we gained control over this formidable disease, which yearly causes a week's misery to hundreds of thousands of transatlantic voyagers only, and keeps hundreds of thousands of would-be transatlantic voyagers at home, to their deprivation of a great pleasure and to the detriment of the steam-ship companies?

The first question about a disease is this: What is the nature of the disease? One thing is clear as regards seasickness: that this question has been wrongly answered until recent years. Seasickness has been thought to be everything but what it is: the common opinion having been that it consists in a disturbance of the stomach. That is entirely a mistake. The disturbance of the stomach is but a symptom of the disease. The disease is in reality a functional disturbance of the brain and spinal cord. The same nausea which is its most prominent symptom is caused by other mechanical disturbances of the brain and cord, whether moderate, as by the dizzying motion of a swing, or violent, as in concussion. The other symptoms point in the same way, particularly the headache and the miserable mental prostration which accompany the disease, the paralysis of hope and will, which to the seasick make life seem not worth saving, and the bottom of the sea an undreaded end to the sufferer's voyage.

This distressing disease, in a word, is a disturbance of brain and nerve function, and, except in a secondary way, it has nothing to do with the stomach. The old treatment looked to its symptoms and not to its true cause: the regulation of the diet, the prescription of champagne, ammonia, chloroform, cold to the spine—all these efforts to prevent or cure the disease are misdirected, and at the best are seldom more than slightly palliative. To palliate such misery as that of seasickness is indeed something; but to prevent or cure it would be a benefit of the first order to humanity.

Now it is claimed that this can be done: and how? The treatment is very simple. It consists in taking, always under skilled medical guidance, a drug that has a powerful action on the brain and spinal cord: namely, bromide of sodium or bromide of potassium, in large doses, for two or three days before going on shipboard. This is strong treatment; in two or three days it produces its effects in the condition called *bromism*—a condition of drowsiness, with symptoms somewhat resembling those of a cold in the head. Thus prepared for a voyage, delicate persons, and even those who have suffered the most acutely on previous voyages, have passed stormy days or weeks at sea without the slightest seasickness—it being necessary in some cases, though not in all, to continue the use of the remedy during the voyage. Even after seasickness has begun, a single full dose has sometimes checked it completely, and given a comfortable voyage to previous sufferers.

This is much to accomplish. And this much is certain, that in many cases the bromides, freely yet cautiously given, have entirely prevented or entirely cured seasickness, and have prevented or cured it in the most susceptible persons. So much is sufficient cause of thanks. But now, if we ask in what proportion of cases may the bromides be safely and successfully used, we ask another and a harder question. I have myself made trial of the bromides, as indicated above, during two Atlantic voyages. With what success? I can only claim a partial, or, more accurately, an unsatisfactory success. I found that large doses of the bromide of sodium, while they certainly did prevent seasickness, produced a condition of stupor that seemed quite as bad. Yet I do not regard this experience as sufficient cause of discouragement. Those who have tried this treatment upon the largest number of cases are the most emphatic in their testimony as to its efficacy. There can be no doubt that the bromides do actually prevent seasickness. The only question is whether they can be safely and generally administered—whether, in a word, the remedy is any better than the disease. It is an efficient remedy. Is it always successful? Is it safe? These questions must be left to further experience; they will be settled before very long. Meanwhile the experiment is one that any one may try, always under medical guidance, when next he goes to sea. But it can not safely be tried except under medical guidance; the doses required are too large to be intrusted to laymen.

Titus Munson Coan.

"A KISS FIRST!"

"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Mother wonders, but can not tell.
Out by the well-curb Bessie stands;
The pitcher grasped by her chubby hands
Is empty still, while many a trace
Of anger vexes the childish face.
"If *I* were a boy, I wouldn't tease.
Leave me alone now, Bobby, please."

Up on the well-curb Bobby sits,
A roguish smile o'er his brown face flits.
"I ain't *your* kind of a boy, you see;
Give me the kiss and I'll let you be.
You're welcome to drain the old well dry,
But a kiss first, Bessie, so say I."
And Bobby is master of well and rope,
So how can Bessie for victory hope?

Slowly homeward little Bess goes,
Her soft cheeks blushing like any rose;
And Bob (the little vexed heart beats fast)—
But the pitcher is full to its brim at last.
There's a moss-grown well near by, and to-day
I heard a gray-haired woman say,
"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Ah! *I* know, but I wouldn't tell.

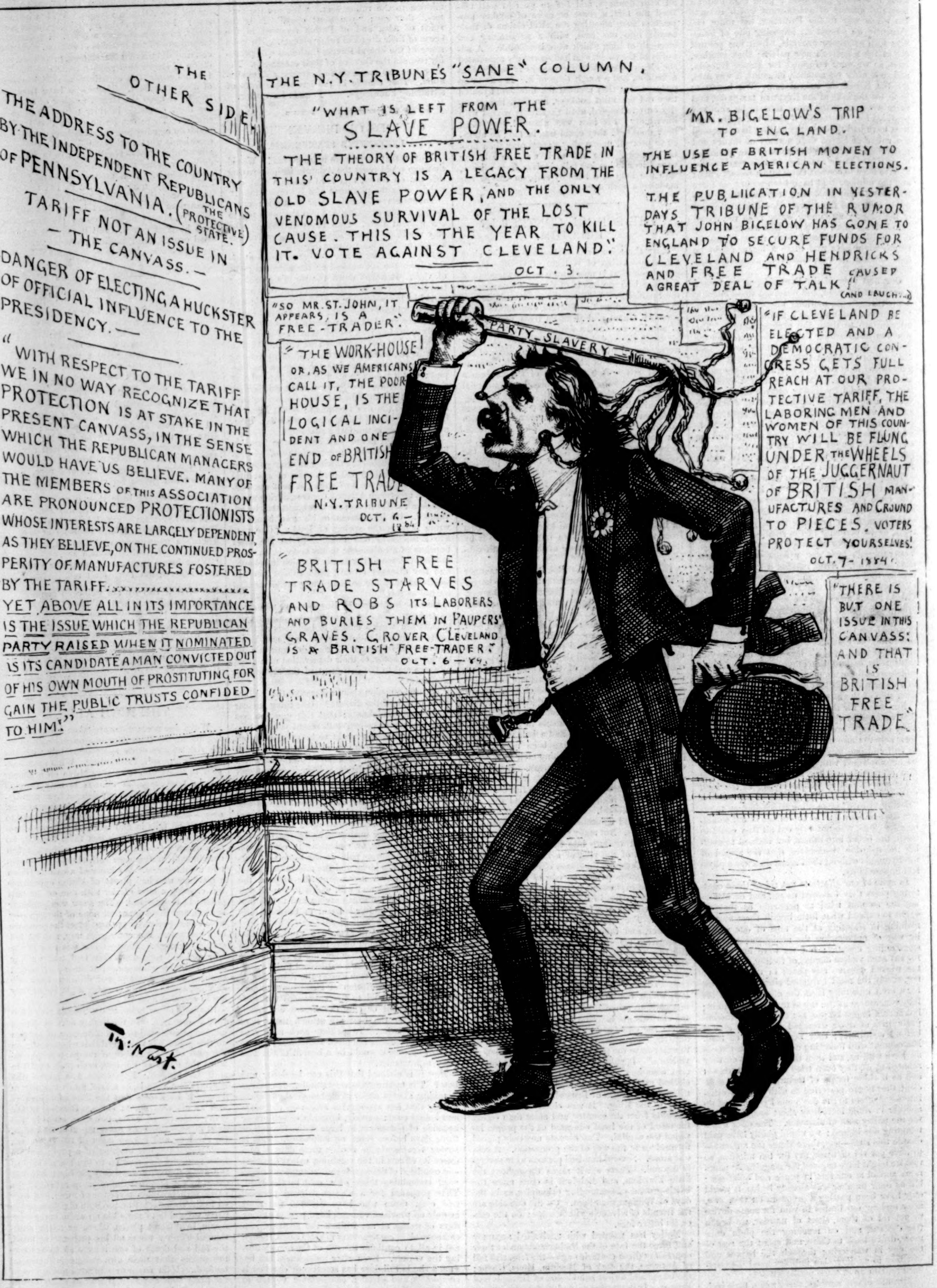
For what if two by the well-curb stand,
Bobby and Bessie, hand in hand!
What if a pitcher forgotten lies
At the feet of both! and if two blue eyes
See only the glance of another pair,
And if there are saucy lips that dare
To ask for a kiss! What harm, pray tell,
If Bessie should linger at the well?

M. D. Brine.

THE HIGH ALPS.

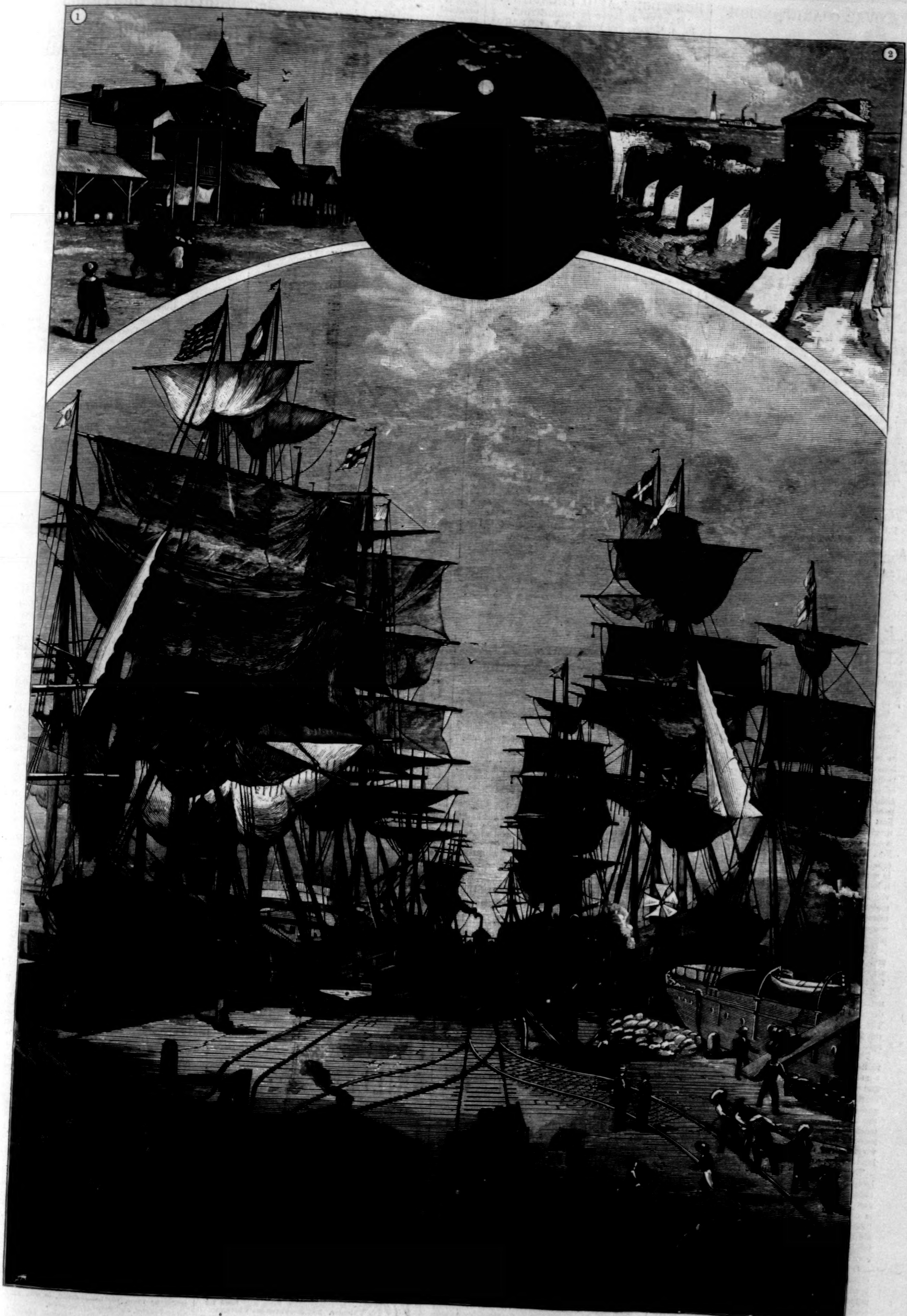
When due precautions are taken, mountaineering among the High Alps is attended with as little risk as any other sport—certainly with less than, for example, fox-hunting. What seem dangers to those who have never been on a glacier are, in truth, none at all. It is only through gross carelessness that any danger from crevasses can arise. A single man who chooses to walk over a snow-covered glacier has only himself to thank if he falls in and is killed. Two men together, if the rope which ties them together be of sufficient length, may do so without much risk, though in this case both should be competent mountaineers. We know of a case in which a traveller who had plenty of Alpine experience was crossing a level glacier with one of the best guides in Switzerland. The snow was perfectly smooth, and there appeared none of the signs by which an experienced eye can detect the presence of a crevasse. The snow gave way, and he fell straight through. The traveller was well in the rear and the rope was fairly taut, and he was able to help his guide out. But three persons tied together, keeping at a proper distance from one another, are as safe in crossing a glacier as they are in crossing a street.

Similarly on an arête, or on difficult rocks, the rope is essential. In the earlier days of Alpine climbing there used to be a difference of opinion on this point. It was urged that where a slip on the part of one member of the party might involve the death of the rest, each man ought to shift for himself. Experience has shown the contrary. A man is, as a fact, much steadier in danger if he knows that the lives of others as well as his own are at stake. Besides, in the great majority of cases, the rope, even in the most difficult positions, saves the man who slips. On the long and narrow crest of the Lyskamm, some years ago, one member of a party made a false step and fell over on to the Italian side of the arête, dragging another with him; but was saved by the fact that the other members of the party, with laudable presence of mind, slid over on to the Swiss side; and so both divisions of the party were able to scramble up again and go on. Again, in difficult places, where even the experienced climber needs all his presence of mind, the fall and death of one is sure so to unnerve the others that their own danger is increased tenfold. If in dangerous rock-climbing one of the party slips and falls, it may as easily be the foremost as the last of the party, and in his fall he may knock over one or more of his companions. If the others are firmly fixed, with a solid piece of rock to hold on to, there is no danger so long as all are roped together.



LASHING HIMSELF INTO FEVER HEAT.

Black-Law Reid. "You are British Free-Traders, Dudes, Pharisees, Frauds, and Mugwumps—that's what you are!"



VIEWS IN PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 692.]

1. A Picturesque Street. 2. Ruins of Fort McRae.

GIVE OVER COAXIN', NEIGHBOR.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

Give over coaxin', neighbor, for I'll go out no more,
Unless to walk about the farm once in a while I try.
'Tis not because I do not feel as friendly as before
She left me. But there, sit you down, and I will tell you why.

You see, when she was here—it's now some fifty years ago
Since I first brought her home—how glad and proud I was that day!—
I never went abroad but that, as sure as faith, I'd know
She was keepin' lovin' count of all the hours I staid away.

And when the gate latch clicked, and she again my footsteps heard,
Wide open would the house door fly, and her bright face appear;
And in a voice as sweet to me as song of any bird,
With smiling lips and smiling eyes, she'd say, "You're welcome, dear."

You know our sons have sailors been since they were naught but boys,
And that our only daughter when a child was called above;
And so we two were left to share each other's griefs and joys,
And we loved each other, neighbor, with a good, old-fashioned love.

And think a moment, neighbor, how very sad 'twould be
To come back from an outin'—how my poor old heart would pain!—
And find the house door shut, and no dear wife awaitin' me;
'Twould hurt almost as much as though I saw her die again.

Give over coaxin', neighbor, for now you understand
I'll leave my home no more until I'm summoned where I'll hear,
At heaven's door wide opened—she'll be there with outstretched hand
And smiling lips and smiling eyes—her say, "You're welcome, dear."

PENSACOLA.

If the Southern tourist will leave the beaten track of travel at Mobile, and go by steamer to Pensacola, he will enjoy a very pleasant break in the monotony of railroading. Mobile and its bay are full of historic landmarks, and when the steamer leaves Fort Morgan, and heads to sea for the short run down the coast, there is much that is of interest in the marine landscape.

The approach to Pensacola, as the *Mary Morgan* runs in, is of ever-varying beauty. Long lines of sandy beach and dark woodland point in converging lines to the distant harbor. Closer in is the tall light-house pointing finger-like heavenward, with a background of dark trees and peeping cottages, below which runs, like a ribbon of satin, the snow-white beach for miles. Presently the long ocean swell ceases, and we are passing the forts. On the left are the ruins of Fort McRae, now only a few massive arches of tough masonry tottering amid the surges rippling under their gloomy shadows, while opposite is Fort Pickens, gray, straight-faced, and sturdy, crouching, as it were, on the land's end of historic Santa Rosa Island. In spite of its battle record it looks quite modern, with the great guns gazing vigilantly out to sea. In the distance the remains of old Fort Barancas lie sleeping with the memories of General Jackson and the Spanish commandant who blew it up at the capture of the place by the American army in 1812.

As we enter the harbor we find it land-locked and of immense magnitude, its further shores appearing as if on the horizon. It is a shelter for the navies of the world.

To the left appears the town, fronted by the massive buildings of the Navy-yard, the great derricks holding aloft boilers for expectant hulls. The size of the place can only be guessed at from the steamer's deck by house roofs and distant spires.

The lower part of the town has an essentially nautical flavor. The sandy streets are filled with a motley crowd of mariners. The talk is of ships and cargoes, and the bell of the Norwegian chapel, nestling almost under the yard-arms of the ships at dock, mingles with the forecastle bells striking the hour, tolled maybe by some ancient quartermaster of a sexton; and strangely out of place seems a back-country ox-cart, whose great broad wooden-tired wheels and crates of "gonies," or land-turtles, roll silently over the sand.

The wharves are immense structures thickly laced with car tracks, walled in by masses of closely packed shipping whose interlocked spars and masts are as a forest through which a road is cut. Here the smaller iron steamers, those "ocean tramps," nestle beside the great three-masters to secure a share of the vast forests of lumber annually exported, which by train loads continually pour on the docks.

Out on the broad harbor are fleets of vessels clustered about great timber rafts which have been floated out to them, and from which their gaping holds are being rapidly filled. Tugs are towing out rafts to ones further distant. Here are two just spreading their wings to sail. There is one just arrived and dropping anchor, and in the offing more are inward bound. It is an animated scene rendered doubly delightful by a balmy air, a cloudless sky, and the odors of pine freshly cut.

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MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

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THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

Of the very choicest tobacco leaf—choicest because the firm can command it—is made Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. Gentlemen may regale themselves with a pipe or roll it into fragrant cigarettes. Either way it is the most luxurious of all tobaccos. Trade-mark of the Durham Bull.—[*Adv.*]

New York, April 20, 1883.

After years of use it gives me pleasure to certify to the virtues of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. It has saved the life of one of my four-horse black team. This recommendation I give without solicitation, as I think owners of Horses should know its value.

Chas. H. Delavan,
136 West 22d Street.

Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, cured by "Rough on Coughs." 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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Thin People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. $1.—[*Adv.*]

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"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions. 15c.
"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.
"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

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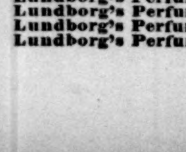

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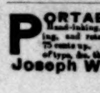

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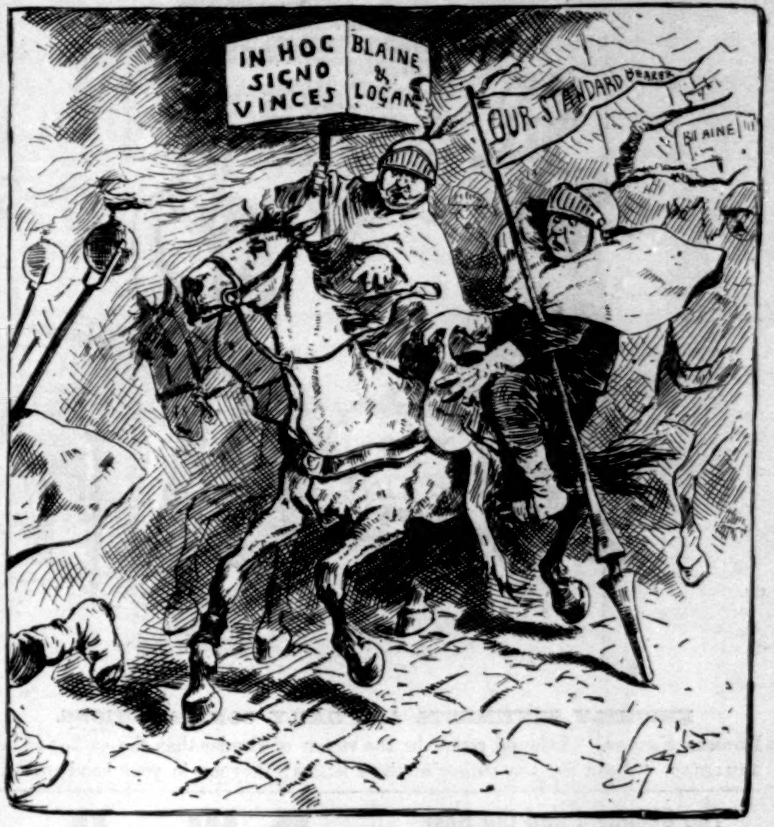

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